

The Nation

Vol. XXXI., No. 15.]

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1922.

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Events of the Week.

DUBLIN has passed through an exciting and anxious week, though the issue of the fighting was in no doubt as soon as it became clear that the Republican irregulars had very little support. The Government was determined that there should be as little bloodshed and destruction as possible, and consequently the garrison in the Four Courts were able to hold out for two days. They finally surrendered on Friday in last week, after laying a mine which was exploded, with the result that the noble building, packed with priceless records of Irish law and history, was almost completely destroyed. General Rory O'Connor was removed to Mountjoy Prison, where are 130 of his men. Mr. de Valera, Mr. Cathal Brugha, and Mr. Austin Stack joined the rebels, who seized a long line of hotels and buildings in Sackville Street. The Free State soldiers, who have shown great courage and self-control, have been employed in reducing one rebel fort after another. The care which they have taken has, we hope, saved Dublin from an appalling catastrophe. The Lord Mayor, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Chairman of the Labor Party interviewed the rebel leaders in the hope of securing a cessation of hostilities, but Mr. de Valera's party demanded impossible terms. The news from the country is not very definite, but it certainly looks as if the Government ought to carry Ireland through the immediate danger without civil war on an extended scale. There is no doubt that the moral effect of the elections is easing the Government's task in a striking manner. The rebellion is seen for what it is—wanton treason to a nation which has just made its decisive choice for peace and order.

THE present result of the operations is roughly (1) the virtual suppression of the rising in Dublin, for not only the Law Courts, but Sackville Street are in the hands of the Government, and only disconnected sniping seems now to be threatened, and (2) the capture of some of the more desperate guerilla leaders, like Mr. Brugha and General O'Connor, leaving a warfare of the hills to be conducted in Tipperary, and some other districts. It is unfortunate that Mr. de Valera has escaped, having deserted his followers in Sackville Street after a very brief experience of battle, and that Mr. Childers, one of the chief fomenters of this barbarous turmoil, is also

at large. The only other weakness of the situation is the rather equivocal attitude of Mr. Johnson of the Labor Party. The Provisional Government is not only acting with great decision, but the language of its call to a six months' service in the national cause is full of dignity and force. A stern characterization of the rising in two tightly packed sentences well epitomizes the struggle of the last fortnight:—

"People of Ireland! You have regained for the first time in centuries those powers of government through which the nation may develop and cultivate in peace, order, and prosperity its own national genius.

"A wicked and sanguinary attempt has been made to thwart your will and to thrust you back again into the house of bondage, with your capacity for self-government discredited before the world."

THE Government slips its policies on and off so easily that it may just possibly succeed in wearing Protection and Free Trade alternately for a little time longer. But the conflict of 1902 is raised in an acute form. All Lancashire has now organized itself against the duty on fabric gloves. The duty has already passed a divided Cabinet, after having been through the Advisory Committee and the Board of Trade, and it should now properly come before the House of Commons. But the Lancashire deputation has forced Mr. George to refer it back to the Cabinet, where the Liberal members are already at issue with their Tory colleagues. If the first decision is now reversed, Mr. Baldwin, who is a Minister of distinction and popularity, and in this matter stands for probably nine-tenths of the Tory party, resigns, and the Safeguarding of Industries Act becomes almost a dead letter. But that is a challenge to the predominant Conservative wing of the Coalition, already vexed to the point of open revolt over Ireland, and in no better case over the watering-down of their plan for the "reform" of the House of Lords. Reform with them means the virtual repeal of the Parliament Act, not a milk-and-water plan for a demi-semi-elective Second Chamber. Thus the two factions are at issue on three capital points—House of Lords, Free Trade, Ireland—to say nothing of the ugly quarrel on honors between Mr. George and the House of Commons, almost irrespective of party. Can a fatigued and harassed Prime Minister stand that triple assault, in itself the Nemesis of the Coalition? Compromises will not do for long; one party or another must have its way, and the success of the minority on Free Trade, which the Prime Minister favors, can only reinforce the Tory attack on the other points, if it does not at once produce an open schism.

THE splendid rally of the German people to the Republic continues after the Rathenau murder, as it did after the Kapp Putsch. The workers have held a second gigantic demonstration in Berlin, and the whole perceptible pressure is towards strengthening the emergency measures, and in favor of a thorough purge of the reactionary civil and judicial services. All the Republican parties are coming together, and the very contentious Corn Assessment Bill, which had nearly split the Coalition before the murder, now seems assured of an easy passage. Still more remarkable is the tendency of the Socialist Majority and Minority to unite. The former, compromised first by its attitude during the

war, and then, more gravely, by Noeke's blindness to the danger from the Right, has moved somewhat to the Left. The latter, after its brief experience of Moscow's methods, is decidedly more moderate. Negotiations, which seem likely to succeed, are now going on for the inclusion of two Minority ("Independent") Socialists in the Government. This would be a long step towards Socialist reunion, and would greatly strengthen the administration as one predominantly of the Left. Dr. Wirth, though he comes from the Centre, enjoys the respect and even the warm regard of the Socialists.

THE unravelling of the murder plot has meanwhile gone on with great rapidity. The guilty organisation, known as "C" (Consul), from the nickname of the notorious Captain Ehrhardt, was composed of ex-officers and students, who had once composed the dangerous naval brigade. Eighty at least are already arrested, including some of the actual murderers, who turn out to have been involved also in the unpunished assassination of Herr Erzberger. There were fears that the Monarchy might be proclaimed at Munich, but though Bavaria declares the intention of defying the Emergency Act, her Monarchist party has decided that the time to strike has not yet come. The Right is probably much divided, and though a part of it undoubtedly had close connections with the conspirators and financed them, another section dislikes murder. It seems for the moment intimidated by the volume of popular anger, but acts of violence none the less continue. An attempt has been made to murder Herr Harden, and a bomb has been thrown, with some loss of life, into the Trade Union offices at Mannheim. The struggle is not over, and the result depends more upon the Allies than upon the Germans themselves.

M. POINCARÉ's speech on reparations to the Senate has attracted less attention in this country than it deserves, presumably because there was nothing new in it. That constitutes its importance. This most obstinate of all contemporary statesmen has learned nothing from recent events, and the revelation in the Rathenau murder of Germany's desperate plight has passed over him with as little effect as the report of the Bankers' Commission. He stands exactly where he did at Bar-le-Duc, and repeated, in a somewhat less offensive form, his threat of isolated action, his demand for a severe financial control, and for sanctions to enforce it. He maintains against all the evidence, and presumably he believes it, that Germany is prosperous and can pay. Her merchants, he says, are building up balances abroad. But how else can they finance their purchases of raw material? Again, their concerns sometimes (he even said usually) pay a dividend of 40 per cent. The figure looks staggering, until one reflects that a great part of the capital of most German companies was invested in pre-war days with the mark at 20 to the £1. A dividend of 40 per cent. on this, paid in paper marks at 2,000 to the £1, is a negligible fraction. Even on new capital paid up when the mark stood at 200 or 800 to the £1, a yield of 40 per cent. is really only 4 or 16 per cent. Has M. Poincaré no expert who can explain these elementary facts to him? It is equally bad news that the French Government, in a semi-official statement, replies to Mr. George's recent speech that it is still premature to propose the admission of Germany to the League.

MR. CHURCHILL, on the Colonial Office vote, discomfited the opponents of the Rutenberg concession in a conclusive and witty speech. Apart from his crushing

retorts upon the Die-Hards, who were all of them Zionists during the war, his main point was that the demand for special opportunities in Palestine for British capital and trade is a negation of the mandatory principle. That is an admission to register, for it applies as much to the oil of Mesopotamia and the phosphates of Nauru as it does to the hydro-electric power of the Jordan. But the oil and potash are valuable assets, whereas in appraising the virtue of the Colonial Office in the Holy Land, we cannot forget that its electrical possibilities are speculative, and on Mr. Churchill's showing unlikely to be developed save by the dynamics of sentiment. This piquant subject somewhat obscured the importance of the rest of the debate, which ranged over Ceylon, the West Indies, and all the African colonies. Colonel Wedgwood developed a powerful and unanswered attack on our policy in Kenya. This colony is passing through a severe period of depression, even of famine. The whites are apparently successfully avoiding taxation, which falls with redoubled weight upon the natives. It is hard to resist his conclusion that, in contrast to West Africa, Kenya is being governed in the interest of the British settlers.

LORD ROBERT CECIL, speaking, needless to say, without the backing of the British Government, has laid his scheme for disarmament before the Sub-Commission of the League of Nations. He pointed out that armaments represent 20 per cent. of the public expenditure of the civilized world. His draft treaty somewhat modifies the provisions of the League's Covenant. All countries are to combine to defend any one of their number who may be attacked, but only after it has conformed to the regulations for the reduction of its forces, and a Permanent Commission is set up to prepare plans of defence. It lies with the Council of the League, on the motion of a State which feels itself in danger, to decide by a three-fourths majority to warn the State from which the danger comes, and to set the Permanent Commission in motion. No Power is required to act outside its own continent, a provision which should go far to reconcile American opinion to the scheme. States outside the League may adhere to the scheme. Attached to it is Lord Esher's schedule for the reduction of land forces, which allows to us 90,000 men, to France 180,000, Belgium 60,000, Italy 120,000, Poland 120,000, Jugoslavia and Roumania 90,000 each. One does not see France accepting such a figure, which, though relatively very high, would involve a complete change in her policy. The Polish delegate at this meeting spoke hopefully of the invitation to a regional disarmament conference which the Soviet Government has addressed to the Border States.

SIR JOSEPH ROBINSON's not undignified letter to the Prime Minister adds to the mystery of his peerage, and gives fresh point to the powerful movement inside the House of Commons and without for an inquiry into Mr. George's system of recruiting the House of Lords and the Orders. Sir Joseph denies that he sought any honor, the inference being that it was pressed on him. By whom? With what object? The Prime Minister, moving, it is clear, with most reluctant steps, has now been forced to accept a debate in the Commons for Monday week. But debate is a much too evasive way of investigation. The analysis in the "Times" of Mr. George's peerages shows that in five and a-half years he has created or advanced as many peers as Mr. Asquith (whose numbers were also excessive) in eight years; more than treble the number for which

Gladstone was responsible in his second five years' Government; and nearly double as many as Lord Salisbury made in a seven years' Government. Allowing for the war, this is a gross abuse, which becomes grosser when we examine the quality of the new creations. So swollen has the House of Lords become under this feeding, that it now possesses ten more votes (717 to 707) than the House of Commons. Nearly one-eighth of this voting power has been created by the author of the Iimehouse oration.

* * *

WE see little value in a mere debate. It will be consumed in recriminations, in which Mr. Asquith's smaller but by no means impeccable creations will be flaunted against Mr. George's more swollen and, in many crucial instances, indefensible lists. The true aim is to stop the sale of honors now carried on through the agents of a Minister who ignores the operations, while he accepts their results, and on them bases his power to finance an election. This evil is doubled when the Premiership has become, as in Mr. George's hands, a personal power, and an election fund, no longer at the command of a whole party, is virtually an insurance of its continuance. This must be stopped. If to maintain the fountain of honor be a function of the Crown, then let the Commons have the business of keeping it comparatively clean. An examining Committee of the Privy Council, not a party Committee, as the Government propose, could do this sanitary work, and it is with that end that the House of Commons ought to move as soon as the scandal has been probed and the character of the traffic exposed.

* * *

To those who know the amount of internal dissension with which the officials of the National Union of Railwaymen have had to contend during the past two or three years, the voting of the delegates at the annual conference of the union at Bradford on the question whether Mr. J. H. Thomas should withdraw from the Privy Council is specially significant. It is not so long since the general secretary's critics were strong enough numerically and aggressive enough in tactics to force him to fight literally with his back to the wall. On Wednesday only three delegates out of seventy voted for the Privy Council resolution. In their general discussions also the railwaymen's delegates confirmed the evidence of a definite tendency throughout the whole trade union ranks to realize the paralyzing effect of bickering on matters of small importance. The desire for closer unity on a practical constructive policy has never been so strongly marked as it is to-day, and it is clear that the lesson of the recent defeats of unions divided against themselves has been grasped by intelligent workers in all industries. This trend of feeling is of the greatest importance politically, because it is associated with the growing conviction that some of the worst evils from which the manual and middle-class workers are now suffering cannot be touched by industrial action alone.

* * *

WHILE in this country, as the discussions at both the Labor Party Conference and the railwaymen's conference have shown clearly enough, Communist influence has declined until it is almost negligible, recent conferences and decisions on the Continent indicate that the same process is going on in the principal industrial countries. The German Trade Union Congress holds its meetings triennially, so that the meeting which has just finished at Leipzig provides the first reliable test of feeling in that movement. The discussions show that the

representatives of a large majority of the eight million members take pretty much the same view of policy as the British movement, and only on one or two occasions, by co-operating with an aggressive union like the metal workers', on questions predominantly industrial, was the Communist minority able to exercise any influence whatever. The executive of the Congress, which is as conservative as the British General Council, retained without difficulty the confidence of the Congress. In Italy, where the question of collaboration with the Government has again come to the front, it is only in the metal workers' union that the Communists are still strong, and in France the numerous section which broke away from Jouhaux and the old Confederation is now in its turn torn by dissension and conflict.

* * *

MR. GALSWORTHY's letter in the "Times" on our aerial defences deserves more attention than it is likely to get. He tells us that we have only three alternatives before us: (1) to abolish flying altogether by international agreement, (2) to assure to ourselves in the air at great expense, as formerly on the sea, a two or one-and-a-half Power standard, (3) to let things drift. The second course, as he says, is costly, and would probably mean war within twenty years (we should say much sooner). But the third course is "entirely ruinous," for if war broke out in our present state of aerial inferiority, we should lose our shipping in the first few days, and we should starve, for there would be no time in which to recover and "muddle through." Mr. Galsworthy has no illusions about his first recommendation. No one will take it, though he maintains that it is the one practical course. He declares that we have gained nothing by this invention, and shall gain nothing. "Wasn't life good enough on the earth before flying was invented?" But then the same might be said about steam and railways and the industrial age. Life was decidedly agreeable, even elegant, in the eighteenth century. But our demon drives us forward, and it is our destiny to exhaust all the possibilities of this invention. They are, we agree, inconceivably terrible. But in our view you cannot deal with war by a direct frontal attack on armaments. The change must be deeper, and could it but be brought about, even the aeroplane would be harmless.

* * *

So far the American railroad strike has not gone beyond the workshop mechanics and the permanent-way men, but at the time of writing there is every prospect of its spreading. The crisis is one of extraordinary confusion. The business interests demand a drastic reduction in freight rates, and toward this end the Railroad Labor Board has ordered serious cuts in wages. The Board is a tripartite body of nine—representing equally the companies, the employees, and the public. But it has no executive authority, and the President would do anything rather than make direct use of the power of the Supreme Executive, even in the case of a fundamental national service. Mr. Harding, however, has issued a pointed warning, which applies with equal force to both railroads and mining companies; while Mr. Hoover has informed the latter, who have carried the coal lock-out into the fourth month, that continued failure to settle will mean that the companies must choose between accepting the Government's ruling in the dispute and giving up the mines to public control. The combined mining and railroad crisis is of great political import, since it comes at the beginning of the electoral campaign, while the misery endured in the coalfields is indescribable.

Politics and Affairs.

STERILISING THE LABOR PARTY.

THE new Chairman of the Labor Party has lost no time in repeating at the Conference in Edinburgh, and in a recent number of the "Daily Herald," his familiar opinions on the policy of that organization. The independence of the Labor Party, he tells us, is, and must continue to be, "absolute." It must have no pacts or agreements or understandings with anybody else. Wherever there is the "slightest basis" for a Labor candidate, he is to be run. On no account is any one of them to get out of the way of a Liberal, even though in that process, reasonably pursued, a great many more Labor men will be elected than is otherwise probable. The same rigid particularism is to apply when the election is over. To any suggestion of a joint administration Mr. Webb interposes his veto. The Parliamentary Labor Party must refuse to enter into any Government constituted by any other of the political parties. It is to remain fixed in perfect immobility of partisanship. If there are exceptions to this Rhadamanthine decree, Mr. Webb omits to state them. A situation, for example, might arise in which the Labor Party, with the help of the Liberal Party, and of detached Progressives of the type of Lord Robert Cecil, might constitute a majority of the new House of Commons. These parties might agree on a programme, good for a full term of Ministerial years, might further agree to and unite under a Labor Prime Minister, and might by that means avert the great evil and danger of a reactionary government of England, giving a reactionary voice and vote in the affairs of Europe. No matter: the Webbian formula forbids. At all costs the Labor Party must retain its virgin integrity. As for the business of politics—well, it may go on much as before. Indeed, we may spare ourselves the trouble of condemning Mr. Webb's second tactic, for his first is pretty sure to put it out of court. Say, for example, the Labor Party can put in the field about 300 fairly good and strong candidatures. Assuming that a great number of them will be fighting à outrance on two fronts with Liberal and Conservative rivals, and that in no case is a Liberal to give place to a Labor man, or a Labor man to a Liberal, we may also take it for granted that the control of the new House of Commons will be in other than Labor or Liberal hands. The return of 150 Labor members might even seem a ridiculously sanguine calculation. And that is the kind of minority which, under the old political system, stood for the lowest quota compassable by a party returning from the polls in a state of defeat and distress.

Now, with all respect to Mr. Webb, this is the politics of twenty years ago—the politics of the closed party conventicle—not of our time and our need. We are all for the Labor Party. With all its faults, it contains more of the main stuff of the life of the British peoples than any of its rivals, and, looking at the world as it is, we should regard the advent of a Labor Prime Minister, who was also an honest and a capable man, as tidings of great joy. Purged as it now is, of loose revolutionary thinking, the Labor Party is a proper organ of political improvement. Much more conspicuously does it appear as the powerful harbinger of European peace. But we should have liked to see a political thinker of Mr. Webb's eminence directing his mind to the condition of world-politics. Is there one great country, save America, whose politics are still in the rudimentary stage, which can see its way through the dark waters of after-war confusion by way of pure sectarianism? The Labor Party has wisely

dethroned the doctrine of the class-war. But class-government is only the class-war in multi. Mr. Webb himself is a collectivist, as well as the ablest natural bureaucrat in England. But he could not put his undiluted creed in practice without inflicting a crushing blow on British industry, or state it on the platform without smashing his party to atoms. The aim of men of foresight is not this rigorous idealism at all. It is more modest, and we think more moral. Europe and this country and commonwealth must, if possible, be seen through the next ten years in peace. The community—all communities—must win a breathing-space from the extremes of party passion which threaten to shatter them, body and soul, or they will perish. If Capital has no specific for this convulsion, neither has Labor. Deny it as they will, there are capitalists in plenty who cherish a thoroughly servile conception of Labor, and would like to drive or starve the trade union movement out of politics; and there are some Labor men who would slow down industry to a dishonest dawdle. There is no government of England here. Capital is to be trusted with no more power than it has got. Neither is there a proletariat ready to take over the national business and run it at a moment's notice, and without any intervening educational experience. That was the delusion—the thoroughly un-Marxian delusion—of Moscow, and Edinburgh has given it the normal British answer.

What, then, is England ripe for? we shall be asked. We answer at once—it is ripe for a purer, more decent and honest, and more truly progressive Government than that of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Webb is rigid when Liberalism or Radicalism is in question. No more Fabian "permeation" for him. But unless his famous article in the "New Republic" belies him, he thaws a good deal at the notion of a Labor *entente* with the Prime Minister. Mr. Webb was then in favor not only of an electoral understanding with Mr. Lloyd George, which would "give the Labor party and the Lloyd George party 400 members between them," but he also expected a "combination to take office," in which the Labor party would find the "policy," while Mr. George did the "steering." This may be a form (a bad one) of government by Labor, but it is a very different thing from a Labor Government. Indeed, could there be a greater farce than for Labor to signalize its advent as a Parliamentary power by a policy of deals with the present Prime Minister? How have the Georgian *ententes* fared in the past? What was Mr. Henderson's experience of them? And who, pray, is going to volunteer for the next ride on the back of the tiger? Mr. George's policies are not all equally bad; and he is just now in reaction from the worst of them. But the Prime Minister's past would need washing in all the waters of oblivion before he was fit for Labor to touch him. The starving miners of South Wales have a heavy account to render with the statesman who has led their industry to the misery and ruin that have befallen it. And here we reach the true point of the situation. If we should like to see Labor and Liberalism returning their maximum force at the next election instead of the miserable minimum they are likely to attain under Mr. Webb's electoral plan, we would tell the Liberals plainly that unless they are willing to meet the enormous grievance of the miners, and to negotiate with Labor the reorganization of industry, they can play no helpful part in the politics of the next five years. Labor, if it is sensible, will seek helpers and associates where it honorably can. But an inert and almost policy-less Liberalism is no man's friend, and certainly no catch in these days of highly dramatized politics. Happily, there is a younger Liberalism, which is seeking to turn the Liberal instinct for reform to the work of adapting the old industrial order to new social conditions. We call that the natural task of a middle-class party, which has grown

up with Socialist ideals, and sympathizes with them, but knows where and how to withstand the snare of cast-iron Socialist economics. The political case for an understanding between such a force and Labor seems to us unanswerable. It is not to be pursued through an alliance of fusion with the Labor Party; but rather in association with it for a definite realizable purpose. The joint action of honest and like-minded men, with their faces turned to the heights, but willing to live a little below the line of the ice-church, appears to be about the best formula for the kind of Government we want.

THE FOUR COURTS REBELLION IN HISTORY.

BURKE said more than a century ago that what he dreaded most in Ireland was the danger that the violence that inspired the quarrels of Orangemen and "Defenders" should be organized as a system of government. Burke's fears came true, and the government of Ireland assumed the character that distinguishes all those societies where men do not govern themselves. For the first time since Burke wrote Ireland has her government in her own hands. But Mr. de Valera, who is really the same sort of Irishman as an Orangeman, made up his mind that if Ireland would not vote as he willed, she should live or die as he willed, and consequently he set about organizing a plan of government on the old basis of violence. For some months he achieved some measure of success, for he prevented the organization of orderly and responsible government and the appeal to the nation which could alone give to any set of Ministers the authority they needed. When at last the appeal was made and the Government and the Opposition alike knew where they stood, Mr. de Valera's friends decided that the time had come for violent rebellion, because they realized that relatively little had been done in the way of preparing a police force or a regular army, and that a small armed minority could probably do more mischief and spread more confusion now than later. So they struck their blow, and for the last week Dublin and Ireland have been suffering the consequences.

Men may take up arms in their national politics from one of three different motives. They may take up arms with the hope of securing victory for their cause, or with the intention of making a moral demonstration, or with no larger purpose than that of inflicting as much mischief as they can. In this case the first object was seen to be hopeless from the beginning, for, poorly as Mr. de Valera thinks of his countrymen, he could hardly have hoped that a majority so large as the pro-Treaty majority has proved to be would submit tamely to two or three thousand men just because these men had revolvers and bombs. It might have been supposed that Mr. de Valera and his friends had the second object in view, that they argued that though Ireland had made up her mind for the moment, a spectacle of heroic suffering on the part of this minority would influence the imagination of the future. Such a supposition was possible in the past, but it is possible no longer. For the actual conduct of the irregulars is inconsistent with any such motive. It can only be explained as a malicious desire to do as much injury as possible. Take the conduct of the men shut up in the Four Courts. They knew very well that if there is one thing that is dear to the heart of Ireland, it is her history. They had within their reach priceless and unique records and treasures. They deliberately destroyed them. This destruction was of no use as a military measure; it was a piece of wanton vandalism. And the men who destroyed these documents saved themselves; they surrendered. They will live to be remem-

bered, not as the men who flung themselves in a hopeless battle on the Janiculum in 1848 to wrest Rome from a tradition, but as the wild men in Paris who, when the day, or, as some would say, the night, was lost, tried to burn her great buildings in 1871 in an outburst of hate. Irish history will relate of this force that its casualties were fewer than those of a vigorous street riot, and that, simply to show its hatred of an Ireland that would not listen to its threats, it blew into the skies some of Ireland's finest architecture and the records without which her full history can never be written.

Or take another illustration. The rebels enlisted boys of fourteen and fifteen. Now if a people is in rebellion against a foreign Power, there are arguments that could be urged in excuse for such a course, terrible as it is to draw children into this atmosphere of bloodshed and violence. But when men enlist boys in a quarrel with their own countrymen, when they take a young Hannibal by the hand to teach him to hate his brothers and his neighbors to the death, they confess to all the world that there is no end and no truce to their quarrel with their own country, and that they only live, like Alcibiades, to do it as cruel an injury as they can. They may flourish fine phrases and noble emotions in the face of the world, but their deeds show that their supreme motive is a passion so ignoble and degraded that they are ready to sully the hands of boys with the blood of Irishmen. "What did you do, Daddy, in the great war?" "I destroyed Ireland's archives and I taught Irish children to murder Irishmen in the streets of Dublin." That is not a method of protest that makes an impression on the generous imagination of a people. When Mazzini preached the eternal law of sacrifice, he meant a different kind of sacrifice from this.

The wisdom and humanity of the Provisional Government, and the reckless disregard of Ireland's interests, traditions, and self-respect with which the rebels have acted, have thus, we think, deprived this episode of its chief danger. Perhaps the progress to stable conditions was impossible without some active trouble in a country where tradition has taught men that "violence, more violence, violence always," is the secret of political success. The future of Ireland, the future of the Six Counties, the future relations of Ireland and England, will not be settled by Mr. de Valera's short and sharp methods any more than they were settled by Mr. Lloyd George's. If Ireland as a whole deliberately decides one day against association with England, that association will cease. If Southern Ireland makes up her mind that she is prepared to pay the price of definite partition for separation from England, she can win that separation at that cost. What must be clear to every person of sense is that the Treaty provides all three parties to this quarrel or this complication with a good working arrangement, enabling Ireland and the Six Counties to consider their relation and, as we certainly expect, to devise plans for co-operation or a basis of unity. Nothing can be done in a hurry; nothing by force. The Treaty is a mechanism whereby Ireland can organize her own government and prepare her own future. England is vitally interested in her success, for failure must react here and in every country where Ireland has ties of history, blood, and commerce. We hope that the English Government will keep carefully in mind the difficulties of Irish Ministers, the consequences of past errors on our part, and the plain, simple truth that our interests depend not on formulas but on the success which this working partnership can achieve.

For that reason it would be a gross mistake to be too rigid or unbending over the form of the Constitu-

tion. Let it be made perfectly plain that Ireland comes into the League of Nations as another Canada, and that both Ireland and England recognize her in that character. Nothing is gained by putting on paper claims that nobody wants to urge in practice. The only rights we should press in case of friction are rights that would not depend on any such claims. Therefore their inclusion serves no English purpose, while it clearly increases Irish difficulties. It looks as if Ireland will survive her present dangers, but common sense and a generous outlook will be wanted in all three Governments if she is to survive the terrible times ahead of her.

THE PLIGHT OF GERMANY.

THE murder of Walther Rathenau was the proverbial flash of lightning which reveals to the benighted mariner the rocks and shallows of his perilous course. The moral landscape of Germany stands out after this ghastly illumination with an alarming clarity. For one cannot treat this murder as the unmeaning act of an isolated madman. It was one of a series, which has gradually struck down the leading personalities of the German Left. If at first only extremists like Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were "removed," the assassins, growing bolder after the murders of Kurt Eisner and Haase, at length attacked *bourgeois* leaders in the persons of Erzberger and Rathenau, and just failed to maim or kill Scheidemann. The actual criminals were very young men, mostly students, but they were members of a numerous and disciplined organization, composed mainly of ex-officers, and they had ample funds at their disposal. They were, or had been, in close personal relations with Ludendorff, Helfferich, Westarp, and the Monarchist Right. The number of persons who sympathize with them may be a small percentage of the German population, but it is relatively wealthy, and enjoys the most influential connections in the bureaucracy, on the bench, in the Army, and in the world of learning.

The German Revolution has had in a slight degree the same experience as the Russian. It is comparatively easy in an hour of defeat and catastrophe to make a sweeping political change, and the Germans made it, so far as the form goes, with their national thoroughness. Their Constitution is a model of all that the last generation aspired to under the name of democracy. But the work is only half done if the new forms must be administered by men reared in the old traditions. With few individual exceptions, the Civil Service has altered none of its habits of thought. It remains on the whole Conservative, and in great part Monarchist. It regards the Republic as a foolish and transient aberration. It tends to sabotage when it gets the chance, and its sympathies are all with the minute Opposition which is working for a return to Monarchy. It may not dare to join the extremer Right (German Nationalists), but it finds a convenient shelter in the less outspoken People's Party of Herr Stinnes. The worst manifestation of this tendency has been the almost unbroken failure of the Courts to convict any of the authors of Monarchist murder and violence, and the shocking leniency in the few cases where conviction was unavoidable. Thus the Monarchy, and all that it implies of class ascendancy and militarism, remains entrenched in all the offices of the Democratic Republic. Behind it stands the Army and the military police, which, in spite of its reduced numbers, can overawe the whole country, and could be combated only by a general strike. Worse still, the

second State of the Confederation, Bavaria, is wholly under the leadership of this Monarchist Right.

Nor is the outlook brighter for the next generation. The universities and the higher schools remain, what they have been for half a century, the centres of political reaction. Every year they send out to the Civil Service and the professions men who have drunk in a Prussian or Clerical Conservatism of an extreme academic type. It is a spectacle of more than local interest. The idealist who dreams of a new society, whether he thinks on catastrophic or reformist lines, is necessarily confronted with the problem that the change he desires is beyond his reach, so long as the classes which support him lack the education to conduct a modern organized society. If he tries to dispense with the aid of the old ruling caste, or keeps it as an unwilling bond-slave, then, as in Russia, the industrial organization itself may go to ruin. If he retains it, as in Germany, he must keep with it the old civilization with all its detested traditions and questionable values.

There is nothing surprising in the conservatism and opposition of a once ruling class. What is startling is that it should resort to organized and systematic murder. Assassination is as little a German as it is an English tradition, and it is a remarkable fact that the revolutionary Left, though it has used various methods of mass violence, from armed revolt downwards, has not, in one single instance, attempted murder, even as a reprisal. The corruption of the Junker class is partly, no doubt, like the brutalities of Fascisti and Black-and-Tans, a relic of war-time morals. But the insatiable bitterness of these Junkers has another source. They too are suffering in their own persons from the all but universal impoverishment of Germany. One may say that the working-class is subsisting on about one-half of its pre-war income, measured by purchasing power. The middle class, and especially the official class, has sunk relatively much lower in the social scale. The student class, to which most of the active conspirators belong, just keeps above the abyss with the aid of subsidized soup-kitchens and agencies for the supply of clothes at or below cost price. In one great technical college, one-third of the students are maintaining themselves by manual work as miners or laborers. These young men have seen their careers closed to them by the Peace Treaty. Many would have been professional officers, and others would have found places in the German colonies or in the countless overseas businesses which were liquidated during or after the war. Peace has meant ruin for this class, and, though one may rejoice that a great army is no longer open to them, it is not a gain to the world that other and useful careers should be closed. Behind these young men at the doors of life stand the still more pitiful class of the aged, their parents or relatives, whose pensions, paid in paper marks, will hardly suffice for a day, when they should have lasted a month. The hunger of the blockade years made of the German worker for a short time a revolutionary force. The slow, dragging misery of the official class and of a part of the professional class produces precisely the same desperation, though the change which it demands is a return to the good old times.

This class does not blame its own leaders for the war. It blames the civilians in the rear who collapsed at the onset of the fifth winter. It blames the Left which was deceived by Wilson's Fourteen Points. But, above all, it blames the Republican Parties which have consented, within the limits of their capacity, to execute the decrees of Versailles. In the Press campaigns against Rathenau one metaphor constantly recurred. He was represented as the slave-driver in the interests of the

Entente, cracking his whip above the prostrate body of a people whom he and his had treacherously disarmed. That he happened to be a Jew gave additional point to the attack. Foul and stupid and libellous as these attacks were, they came near enough to the truth to arrest the attention of immature and politically unschooled minds, prepared by personal loss and privation. The fact may be, as we believe, that Wirth and Rathenau had taken with great sagacity and restraint the only course—honest fulfilment with reasoned appeals—which can lead to the revision of the Treaty. So the immense mass of the German people judged them, and gave them in a difficult hour its loyalty. But it should not surprise us that an angry minority thinks otherwise, and will continue to think otherwise, even if a more vigilant police should succeed in stopping the series of assassinations. There is, in this German Monarchist movement, a terrible combination of brutal impulse and angry hunger with idealism. For the movement, ugly and even revolting as many of its manifestations are, is not without its idealistic nobility. One must have seen (as the writer saw last week) a patriotic and nationalist play, by a dramatist of real artistic power, performed to a packed house in the occupied zone, with the French colored troops parading outside the theatre, to realize the power of a great historic tradition to clothe itself in a certain austere beauty and to fire the imagination of a proud but humiliated people.

The doings of these two weeks have certainly proved, as did the fiasco of the Kapp Putsch, that the immense mass of the German people is solidly behind the democratic Republic. Twice in eight days workmen in tens of thousands went on strike and demonstrated their grief for the loss of a man who, with all his genius and his gift of sympathy, was, after all, a great employer. It was almost comic to find even the Communists marching in phalanx with the rest, and it is not unlikely that the murder will have for its chief permanent consequence the reunion, or at least the close working co-operation, of the two more moderate Socialist parties. One proof of the solidity of public feeling was the ease with which the whole plot was unravelled and the murderers identified in two or three days. At first sight there seemed no clue, but everyone who had by any chance come into the slightest contact with the conspirators, at once came forward with his evidence. It is salutary that the Monarchist Right should feel its intense unpopularity, and one may expect that the creation of an exceptional Court will result in the passing of adequate sentences, though German notions of punishment are always much less severe than our own. But in the long run, the main problems will remain unsolved. The menace of a hostile Civil Service and a doubtfully loyal Army will continue unless the Government takes courage from the declara-

tions of the Socialist parties, supported as they are by sincere Liberals like the "Frankfurter Zeitung" school, to make a thorough purge of all the services. Bavaria, moreover, has been prudent. Had she seized this moment, as many expected, to proclaim the Monarchy, the counter-revolution might have been crushed in its chief stronghold. She prefers to await a more propitious moment. Will it come? That depends even more upon Allied than upon German statesmanship.

The events of this fortnight will have passed over an intolerably stupid world unless they convince the Allied Governments at long last that the ill-usage which the German people has endured at their hands is now an evident peril for our whole civilization. Germany is unhappy, restless, and without hope. The intolerable burden of the indemnity, the daily insult of the Rhineland occupation, the threats from France of a still more penetrating financial control, Germany's exclusion from the League of Nations, and the economic consequences of all these follies which show themselves in the ever-depreciating mark, are a standing danger to the Republic, which alone of all possible forms of government can ensure internal freedom and outward peace.

To our own Government we need address no exhortations: it understands. But once more M. Poincaré has made a speech on reparations which reveals his incapacity to learn anything whatever, even from the report of the American bankers. A note, moreover, which seems to be at least semi-official, announces that France is not yet prepared to withdraw her opposition to the entry of Germany into the League. By this attitude France continues the work which for four years she has performed so efficiently: she is the chief recruiting agent for the German Militarist and Monarchist reaction. When or how, from the extreme Right or the extreme Left, the angry, violent reply will come at last to these undeviating follies, we do not pretend to foresee. What we do see is that the whole position in Germany (and for that matter in Austria) is perilously unstable. The maintenance of any ordered society depends on a set of incalculable chances. A few more murders might make government impossible. A sudden wave of Monarchist folly in Munich might mean civil war. An abrupt stabilization or rise in the mark would involve unemployment on a scale to which even our own recent experience supplies no parallel, and that in turn might mean social revolution. Any violent change in this society, which cannot much longer avoid great changes and yet live, would bring the risk, even the probability, of an early European war. The Allies have delayed perilously long to make life tolerable for the race which is still individually the ablest and the strongest of the Continent. If they delay much longer, the penalty may be general ruin.

THE BURDEN OF DUBLIN.

By H. W. NEVINSON.

DUBLIN.

I CLAMBERED in the rain among the ruins of the Four Courts, which for so many years I had known as one of the few beautiful classic buildings in these northern islands. Thick columns of smoke rose upon the wind, bearing half-consumed fragments of legal and historical documents far over the city. In three places the flames still roared among the ceilings and beams. The great dome of green copper had melted away. The columns of the drum that supported it were split and shattered by the heat. The pavement below it, where the statues of legal orators lately stood, was strewn with fallen

fragments. Now and again another arch or wall came crashing down. At the south-east corner gaped the breach battered by four guns with 18-lb. shell. The ruin is irretrievable. The original drawings for the plans are said to exist, and if all the old stones were cleared away, a new building on the same lines might rise, when the Free State gets a million or two pounds to spare. But the "Four Courts" of Irish tradition can never be seen again.

Old experience in rebellions has accustomed me to the discomforts of street fighting, and here I find them all renewed. You never know where the casual firing

may come from, or what it is aimed at. At any place you may be exposed, front, flanks, and rear at once. Going round a corner of Merrion Square, I found three or four "Irregulars" lounging in the doorway of a big house they had lately seized, and playing with their rifles while they waited for someone to shoot. Here and there one runs unexpectedly upon a house with windows and doors barricaded and sandbagged, rifles sticking out of the loopholes like almonds from a tippy cake. Here and there one catches a glimpse of someone lurking behind a chimney-stack, ready to take a pot shot at anyone he regards as suitable game. Fired from a height upon granite pavements, the bullets are battered, and on the ricochet inflict horrible wounds. To return a borrowed cycle, I ran up the steps to the United Service Club on Stephen's Green, and, finding the door locked, peered through the glass. Then I perceived the muzzle of a large revolver separated from my muzzle only by the thickness of the glass, and behind the revolver the white and haggard face of a poor boy, worn with nerves and sleeplessness, his tired and hungry eyes expressing anything but welcome. I smiled and waved adieu with lily hand. He did not smile, nor even wave the revolver.

At the corner of Stephen's Green and Harcourt Street, just before midnight last Saturday, a motor lorry rushed past me, and instantly, from the next house but one to the corner on the side of the Green, a large bomb was thrown at it. It burst with horrible noise. Violent rifle fire followed. Bullets and fragments went whistling in every direction, as among a storming party in the trenches. I think the National soldiers in the lorry escaped unharmed, but if there had been other civilians beside myself upon the pavement, some would probably have been killed. In any case, the chief casualties are among civilians, even though they are not directly attacked. I have heard the situation described as one of great military difficulty for the National army. But the *military* difficulty is not great. If the Government did not mind loss of life and ruin of houses, they could clear out the isolated strongholds easily enough, as I saw the end house by the canal in Harcourt Terrace cleared out with machine-guns and rifles—so well cleared that all the children and women in the neighborhood helped joyfully in clearing the furniture, bedding, and other obstructions as well. But the Government—quite rightly in the political and social sense—do mind the loss of life and the ruin of houses, and so the advance has hitherto been slow.

Take the case of Rathfarnham, for instance, a village about four miles south of the city, at the foot of the Dublin hills. Poor Pearse's model Irish school of St. Edna was close there, and probably the village is "Republican" by inclination. Anyhow, the "Republicans" occupy it at the time of writing. They have commandeered all the provisions and shops. They are said to have seized the great Jesuit College, and to have conscribed the young men. They have barricaded the approaches with carts, and any harmless passer-by like myself is detained to fill sandbags—a monotonous occupation. With four guns and a battalion of only partially trained men, the National army could smash and storm the whole place any afternoon. But what Irishman wants to reduce a beautiful Irish village to the state of Bailleul, or to kill a lot of Irishmen who were comrades in suffering and resistance under the "hereditary enemy"?

What is it that has brought this fresh burden upon this beautiful city and a country already so overburdened? I think it is "custom partly," as the Cumberland miller said when asked why his mill was going on Sunday. For centuries past, but especially for

the last six years, the people have been so accustomed to fighting, bloodshed, and murder, that they find it hard to imagine life without them. The very children have grown up in an atmosphere of violence and blood. Mrs. Green, the historian, tells me she saw children playing an exciting game: placing a board on wheels to represent a motor lorry, they made one of their number mount the board; another drove it along, till, on approaching a corner, he said with due solemnity, "Your hour has come!" and turned round the corner into the very arms of another child, who proceeded with the playful assassination in due form. What have such people, bred on such tradition, to do with peace? Not all, but most of the "Republicans" are young—young men and maidens, the average age being under twenty. They have never known such advantages as domestic comfort and solid regularity of work may promote. As for most of us—certainly for most Irish people—industrious routine and useful drudgery have no charms for them. Take a girl (and I know a good many like her) who has spent the last few years dashing about the country, carrying messages, smuggling provisions to men hiding in the hills, organizing secret patrols, supplying information to the officers, conscious of service to the divine abstraction of her country, feeling that figure almost visibly at hand to hearten or console, and longing only to add her name to the roll of Ireland's martyrs.

Of that spirit in the young, and in many of the old as well, we English must take account, as the Free Staters take account. Right at the back of it all lies the ancient and deep-rooted hatred of our country—the hatred and distrust. That is what made Mr. Churchill's speech in the House of Commons on June 26th so fatal a blunder. It was at once jumped at by the "Republicans," and interpreted as an ultimatum or even a direct command to the Free State Government to attack the Four Courts and put down the rebellion by violence. No amount of evidence or assertion that the plans of attack were completely ready before the speech was made has the smallest effect. In all the yellow or pink Manifestoes (the "Stop Press" leaflets issued by the "Republicans") the charge is repeated. Let me take just the opening paragraphs of only two that may not be familiar in England. One Manifesto, pasted on nearly all the lamp-posts and walls of the city, begins:—

"The fateful hour has come. At the dictation of our hereditary enemy our rightful cause is being treacherously assailed by recreant Irishmen."

That was signed by Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellows, and many other "Republican" officers then in the Four Courts. A Manifesto signed by de Valera began:—

"At the bidding of the English, the Agreement has been broken, and at the bidding of the English Irishmen are to-day shooting down on the streets of our capital other Irishmen—old comrades in arms, companions in the recent struggle for Ireland's independence and its embodiment—the Republic."

All the "Republican" Manifestoes that I have seen insist upon the charge, no matter how false or how easily disproved. The suspicion that the Free State Government has England's support or is acting on England's dictation is a disadvantage far more disastrous than any military difficulty. It is not for nothing that through all these centuries we have been regarded as Ireland's only enemy. Rather than have the conciliation with England as represented by the Treaty and the Constitution, the Republicans would welcome back the British troops to Ireland; they would welcome back the Black-and-Tans, the Auxiliaries, and the rest of the abominations that the English people now repudiate with shame and rejoice to see abolished, as we hope, for ever. To the doctrinaire Republican any conciliation

implies the abandonment of the ancient ideal, and for no peace or prosperity will he sacrifice that.

Besides, in Ireland the sympathy we all feel with the under dog is unusually strong. For the under dog has nearly always been her own people. The party that is attacked is likely to be the popular party. It is a country well accustomed to failure, and inclined to honor it as patriotic martyrdom. "*Breves et infaustos populi Romani amores.*" It was said of Rome, but it is true of Ireland. And that was why, directly the attack began, even apart from the rage aroused by Mr. Churchill's misbegotten speech, the popular feeling tended to swing round to the "rebels"—always a magic word in Irish ears. That, I suppose, was why even the shrewd and reasonable leaders of the Labor Party, which is certainly Pro-Treaty in the main and has won such strength in the elections, condemned the attack, urging that the Government had no mandate to proceed to extremities without the consent of the elected Dáil. Well, one can imagine that debate, but could one fix any month this year as a limit to it?

I have not been out into the country, but good authorities who have lately come into the city tell me the general feeling there is strong for peace and the Treaty. The "Republicans" have done their cause much harm by stopping all business, by making ordinary life impossible, and especially by ruthless pillaging of provisions and banks. To speak in generalities of a nation's character is a silly and commonplace habit, but I can hardly agree with Bernard Shaw when, judging his own people by himself, he describes them as strictly and peculiarly practical. Yet the daily risk of violent death, poverty, and starvation does act in a practical manner upon most of the human race, and one cannot doubt that throughout Ireland there is now a deep longing for peace and the ordinary course of Irish life—or perhaps a quieter course than the ordinary has been. I can imagine those who have read children's books saying to Mr. Erskine Childers and the other doctrinaires, no matter of what nationality: "Remember little Johnnie Head-in-Air, who walked with eyes fixed on the unvisited stars, fell into the river, and had to be dragged out, while all the fishes laughed." "Our chosen governors are learning responsibility, and it's a difficult lesson," said one of the wisest men in Ireland or elsewhere. And I suppose it is with the same feeling that Mrs. Green, in the splendor of a long life spent in the service of her country, goes round the Dublin streets with a paste-pot, sticking up Manifestoes for the Free State in hopes of counteracting the unceasing propaganda of turmoil.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

ALL my news from Ireland confirms last week's impression of the immense harm which Mr. Churchill's speech has done, and of the far more irrevocable harm it must have caused had the news of it reached Dublin a few hours earlier. Then Ireland might have been lost in a passionate fusion of the two Southern parties, to be followed by a dragging war with England, with the hope of union with Ulster postponed for years to come. Such are the works of our Malaprop. Now that this cruel and senseless Jacobinism is being put down (it is largely a party of boy soldiers, with sergeants of seventeen) there is a chance that if England will only put her weight into the cause of a united Ireland, the North and the South

will not long remain apart. This she is bound in honor to do. Now that the Provisional Government has given these tremendous guarantees for peace, the reason for England standing on guard at the Ulster border comes to an end. So long as the issue between order and the anarchists remained doubtful, she was there as a police force. Now that it is virtually decided, her only function there is to keep the two Irelands apart.

So there is to be a limited "shuffle" of the Ministerial pack, displacing maybe a few gay cards of an inferior denomination, but retaining the greater trick-winners. Lord Curzon will still serve his country abroad, but Mr. Shortt "claims" a judgeship. Mr. Baldwin "claims" Mr. Shortt's place. Sir Hamar Greenwood, a Jack without an office, disputes Mr. Baldwin's "claim" on the succession to Mr. Shortt, and Mr. McCurdy's shining light "claims" something not yet apparent, which it hasn't got. But among the higher illuminants there is to be no disturbance. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that by the skin of his teeth the Prime Minister has escaped the greatest disturbance of all. I think if Sir Henry Wilson had lived, and Irish affairs had taken a slightly different course, we should have seen a second and more successful attempt (following that of Churchill-Birkenhead) to depose him, or at all events to set up a new irreconcilable candidate for the Tory leadership. If I am not mistaken, the choice of the extremists would have fallen on Sir Henry Wilson himself, whose speeches in the House of Commons, little as they appealed to the critical ear, had completely won the suffrage of the Die-Hards. A dinner party was held a week or so ago at which these events were canvassed, the later tragedy cutting them sharply off.

BUT though disruption goes on, it is less apparent than a singular and, for Mr. George, an ominous change in Ministerial values. This is involved in Churchill's dominance over the House of Commons. Mr. George has paid the penalty of his prolonged abstention from Parliament. He has lost its ear, and Mr. Churchill has gained it. Churchill's indiscretions, even the fearful one of last week, do him little harm, for they are in the vein which the Die-Hard loves. And against them he can always set the increasing skill and attraction of his oratory. With infinite labor Churchill set himself to conquer this difficult art for himself, and to revive it as an amulet of power. And he has succeeded. The House is no longer under the Georgian spell; is even impatient, or intolerant, of its rather primitive magic; while it divines the growing estrangement of Mr. George's mind from Conservatism. Mr. Churchill, on the other hand, draws nearer and nearer to the Tory consciousness, partly by a process of deliberate cultivation, partly by an instinctive throw-back to his earlier tradition. It is doubtful whether he ever was a Liberal. Save, maybe, for Free Trade, it is certain that he has ceased to be one.

AND now, too, there is a sharp and dangerous confrontation between the Tory flock and Mr. George's following of whitey-black Liberals. The Liberal Coalies have struck against the ridiculous tax on fabric gloves. And for a good reason. It has brought into action the heavy and triple phalanx of Lancashire

Toryism, Liberalism and Labor. No Government in England can long stand out against that assault. But the Protectionists are obstinate. They have Mr. Chamberlain at their back, and, it is said, the Tory members of the Cabinet; and though such men live on, they rarely learn. And they have a second bee in the bonnet. Somehow they dream of a real escape for the Lords from the fetters of the Parliament Act. It is mere phantasy. If Toryism knew its business, it would not touch the House of Lords. As I always predicted, the Lords have grown strong by virtue of their loss of constitutional power. Their influence now flows from their independence and occasional liberality of tone, as well as from their intellectual distinction. But no; these meddlers would make well better. And now there is a second Liberal-Tory conflict within the Government, which sucks away George's declining power over the greater half of the Coalition.

I HAVE perhaps a little less reverence for Mr. Sidney Webb as a political strategist than for his wonderful work in social science and as the Grand Archivist of the Labor Party. But if I were a very Paul at the feet of this Gamaliel, I could not follow him as a hard-shell Baptist of Labor. For it seems to me that his avowed policy of a rigid, unconditional separation for Labor, not only before and at the election, but after it, is one of sheer defeatism. It means either that Mr. Webb does not want a Labor Government, and prefers a second Lloyd-George Premiership, thinking to "operate" it in Labor interests, or that wanting it he is destroying its chances. No one desires a Labor-Liberal "alliance"; it is Mr. Webb's ingenious sophistry to pretend that such people exist. All that one wants, failing P.R., which Mr. Webb (or Mr. Webb's paper) opposes, is to see Progressivism getting its best results out of the huggemugger of our irrational electoral system, and then taking the course best suited to give it all the political power it is entitled to. In other words, I want a free Labor Party, while Mr. Webb is really moving towards a tied one—tied, it would seem, to Mr. Lloyd George. But the former means another Coalition? Well, if it is an honest Coalition, why not? I see no modern State reverting to two-party politics. Does Mr. Webb? Does he think it practicable? Or, if practicable, wise? I should rather urge it to be the part of wisdom to avoid a sharp, crude confrontation of Capital and Labor by way of a Government and an Opposition.

I HARDLY had the heart to say a word last week on the grievous loss which Mr. John Burns has suffered in the death of his only son, a late victim of the war, in which he endured a long and hard service. I well remember his magnificent physique and gallant bearing; it recalled his father's and was Mr. Burns's pride. And I think I may venture to quote a word or two from a letter Mr. Burns wrote me on the subject, for it recalls the act by which, without hesitation or regret, one of the most popular men in England abandoned a great career and withdrew to a noble privacy, unbroken by a single word of petulance or recrimination. "My only son," he says, "has been added to the millions of victims (not martyrs) of this great tragedy, which I did my best to avert." "Place, power, 'honors,' authority," as he proudly says, fell from him and his colleagues, at the call of "duty and conscience." But, he adds, the "painful results vindicate us." Do they not?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

ADVENTURE IN ASIA.

"SUCH is a day in the Guides" was a saying one used to hear on the frontier many years before the war. The implication, of course, was a hectic day, and the happy warriors of Mardan hated it. Hectic language—and hectic cheeks in those young enough to blush—were the response to the provocation. Every one knew that the Queen's Own Corps of Guides, officers and men, were pure salt, but none better than themselves that they had not the monopoly of adventure. The pleasantry therefore was resented. The word "such" can be a bag of venom, especially at the beginning of a phrase, in which envy or malice may dip the sting of irony until one feels that it were better to wear a dicky tie, a celluloid collar, elastic-sided boots, and live the life of a "civvy" in obscurity, than to be pointed at as the self-conscious hero of the Anglo-Indian lady novelist who gets her cinema thrills from the picturesque incidents of warfare on the North-West Frontier. Captain Blacker's narrative of his adventures with his handful of Guides* would have been incredible before Armageddon; to-day it is only wonderful. Adventure is less than ever the monopoly of any cadre or corps. The waiter who brings you your chop in Greek Street may very likely have come out of the armored train that drove the Bolsheviks back to the Oxus. You will find fallow, bespectacled youths, qualifying for Holy Orders, who have been through the same experiences as the Guides, kidnapping Oriental potentates on the shores of the Caspian, blowing a whistle to stop some Tartar-Armenian war, or smoking out old Kuchik Khan in his thorn jungle of Gilan. Memories of scenes primitive, bloody, and outlandish, can co-exist with an intonation that is still academic. Nevertheless, the Guides Officer has always been and is likely to be one of the first to be found where adventure is brewing in the troubled backwaters of the East. When Lumsden raised the corps, eighty years ago, he looked for fighting men who, he could be assured, "would not be taken aback in a sudden emergency." Captain Blacker, the last spokesman of the corps, claims that not only has every city from Moscow to Tiflis and to Lhasa seen a Guide in uniform or in disguise, but that there is not a country or a province in all that immensity of the Old World whose pioneer mapping is not based on the work of the skilful fingers of one sketching with his life in his hands.

The *élan*, discipline, and endurance of the Pathan and Punjabi Mussulmans one has always taken for granted, but what Captain Blacker brings home to us more than anything else is their extraordinary resourcefulness. His own little detachment included linguists—speakers of Russian, Turkish, Persian, Arabic, and even of French—a bomber, a machine-gunner, a signaller, a carrier-pigeon expert, two or three topographer scouts, a veterinary, a first-aid man, whilst practically every N.C.O. carried on him the scars of a protracted sojourn on the Western Front, and others had seen varied fighting in Africa, Persia, and on the Afghan frontier. It will be gathered that with such a cadre the Ulysses-Stalky tradition of the Guides was well upheld.

It is an advantage in unmapped territory to have a leavening of trained soldiers whose homes are in the very country that you are scouting over. Thus when there was some Bolshevik agent to be rounded

* "On Secret Patrol in High Asia." By L. V. S. Blacker. (John Murray. 18s.)

up, in other words a licensed bandit, the Captain of the Guides had only to call up some hardy adventurer among his sowars who had been a bandit himself, terrorizing some neighboring valley—a price on his head, no doubt—and who knew every inch of the ground. When it was a case of getting arms through to the Amir of Bokhara over 600 miles of desert and running the gauntlet of Soviet lines and patrols, there volunteered a sepoy of the most aristocratic family of the Yusafzai. The Corps of Guides had long had links with the descendants of Tamerlane at Bokhara. Had not Timur Jan, the heir-apparent to the throne, enlisted as a simple trooper at Mardan? The adventures of Awal Nur, the Yusafzai, who got through with the arms, were truly epic. Equally epic the return journey to the British lines in Persia, summarized, like other hazardous exploits touched on by Captain Blacker, in a short, casual paragraph. Here we detect the presence of Colonel F. R. Bailey, not mentioned by name in the story. Colonel Bailey has a story to unfold of adventures in High Asia during the war more wildly romantic, if that were possible, than those of Captain Blacker. The born adventurer, though often an excellent *raconteur*, when it comes to penmanship is seldom articulate. General Dunsterville has proved himself a happy exception, and Colonel Ward. Captain Blacker is distinctly articulate. He has an unusual gift of crisp, descriptive phraseology particularly telling in invective; but he cannot give us a connected story. A more crowded narrative could not be squeezed into a volume. There is not a paragraph that is not packed with rich, first-hand experience. He does not pad or moralize; at the same time he has no art of presentment. He brings nothing near, and dwells on nothing long enough for us to see it in perspective with any kind of context. He delivers himself as a rider who is talking hurriedly, breathlessly, while a fresh mount is being saddled, and who is off before he can get out his message. His narrative, he thinks, "may interest those jaded with the polished and suave periods of more civilized and scientific travellers." We like his periods, but only wish he would connect them. He takes us from Yarkand to Ypres and back in twenty-two pages with barely a date to guide us. There is description, clear and even detailed, of horses, men, baggage animals, equipment; but we want to know, and we are often left uncertain, why this hybrid miscellany of men and transport has been collected.

The best thing in the book is the description of the pursuit of the band of Afghans led by supposititious Germans and Turks from Kashgar through the Kuen Lun and Mustagh ranges to Yarkand. Here we have sustained narrative, and its very breathlessness is part of its realism. With a little unravelling the story would provide a theme for boys as memorable as any yarn spun by Burnaby or Sherlock Holmes. And there is no need for embroidery. "Before the sleepy inhabitants of the narrow alleys of the depraved city knew what was happening, we had cantered inside the walls and thrown open the great iron-studded gates of the Badakshi serai. Its hundred or so ruffianly Afghan denizens sprang to their feet, but their hands went up above their heads in a flash when they saw behind the bayonets gleaming in the morning sun the sixteen gaunt, wolfish faces of Pathan and Punjabi, Kanjuti and Hazara."

We can quite believe that those sixteen bayonets were more than a match for the whole of the regular army in the neighborhood of Yarkand, but what we want to know is what the Afghans were doing and how exactly the Allied cause was helped by their capture in Chinese Turkestan. Boche agents presumably, but it is all very obscure.

There were several small wars ahead for the Guides detachment after this exploit, though the Armistice was a thing of the past, and we are not surprised to find them in the next chapter on the Merv front at Bairam Ali, "cooking their camp kettles in the palace of the Tsar." Kipling's allusion, Captain Blacker remarks, to the dreams of every British soldier in the 'eighties was now fulfilled. The 19th Punjab and 28th Light Cavalry with their Turcoman allies had driven the Red troops back on the Oxus, fighting against odds of ten to one. Captain Blacker naturally deplors the abandonment of our feckless Turcoman allies, who were helpless but for this arm of steel. Still it had to be done. We could not leave a couple of regiments in the air 1,400 miles from their base. Moreover, we were not officially at war with the Bolsheviks. The small detachment was recalled. Altogether they covered some 9,000 odd miles in less than three years, not including railway journeys, traversing snow- and ice-bound passes, great glaciers, and illimitable expanses of waterless desert. We next hear of them at Bajiran in Khurasan, where they spent a winter and a summer watching 160 miles of rugged mountain frontier against Bolshevik penetration, an expanse wider than the British front in France. Map-making in unexplored country, almost daily episodes of picturesque military adventure, visits to Kelat-i Nadiri and Omar Khayyam's tomb, provide matter for new chapters of the Odyssey, but the breathless bard seldom pauses to give us a picture in which we can see the figures all round us and the horizon at the same time.

Then the third Afghan war impinges, which means another hostile front with a complete Afghan division ten easy marches to the east. With this addition to the menace of the Red myrmidons to the north in Russian Turkestan our eastern Persian cordon was threatened. But organized military combinations in the East against trained troops, however numerically small, seldom materialize according to plan. The reviewer, who was on more than one Eastern front, shares Captain Blacker's contempt for the Bolshevik, the Persian, the Chinese, and the Afghan regular as fighting men, though he cannot rise to the same heights of eloquent invective. There is a good deal of bite in Captain Blacker's scorn, of the kind one has often heard in camp messes, though it seldom gets itself so successfully translated into print. The picture of that company of "ragged, starving, cur-like Persian infantry," the "hook-nosed element" among the Soviets, and their vice-sodden troops lives in the memory.

Captain Blacker has the newly joined subaltern's engaging contempt for everything civilian. In the years when his patrol was scouring High Asia he learnt from the newspapers that an enemy had arisen nearer home. The name of Gandhi seems to have become a recurrent bugbear. The Indian Babu who was impertinent to one of his N.C.O.s at Gilgit was "doubtless a Gandhi-ite." The comic actor in the sepoys' gaff turns over "myriad leaves of imaginary account books gibbering like a very Gandhi over the dullness in the blood-sucking trade." In the same concert Gandhi and Ganesh are invoked as "the gods of usurers." Naturally the Mahatma appears to the leader of Pathans as a bad and vicious man. The word "soul-force," too, would have a savor of cant. But Captain Blacker has come home, and a nearer perspective will perhaps reflect the Mahatma in brighter colors, for he admires courage, and no doubt nationalism, which no honest man can despise, and he cannot be indifferent to a leader in a fight who has proved himself to be without moral or physical fear. That other kind of courage shown by his Pathans and Punjabi Mussulmans, which is not only admirable but convenient

in that it may be canalized to desired ends, he admires unstintedly.

It is this love for his men and belief in them and joy in comradeship that engages our sympathy all through his story. After all, perhaps it is among soldiers, in the Indian Army, where in the best units there still exists a perfect understanding, that one will discover the ideal relations between the European and the Asiatic. Abstract adventures embarked on together only provoke antagonism and have an unfortunate way of bringing into relief points of incompatibility.

EDMUND CANDLER.

Letters to the Editor.

DR. AXHAM AND THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

SIR,—I have read the paragraph in *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* of June 17th on Sir H. A. Barker and Dr. Axham. You have clearly misread my letter. I raised no protest against "such recognition as has been conferred" on Sir H. A. Barker. I endeavored to avoid mere personal issues and to discuss without animus how the relations should be preserved between the medical profession and certain ancillary callings so as to serve best the interests of the public.

A reasoned answer to my letter would, I venture to think, serve a useful purpose. No such reasoned answer has, so far, been forthcoming.—Yours, &c.,

DAWSON OF PENN.

[Lord Dawson is quite correct in saying that he avoided the personal issue in his letter to the "Times" on the knighthood of Mr. H. A. Barker. He, indeed, seems to consider it well deserved; but that does not, for him, involve any sense that the medical profession owes any redress to Dr. Axham for stigmatizing him as guilty of infamous professional conduct. Lord Dawson lays down two propositions. The first, with which we agree, is that co-operation between the medical profession and certain ancillary callings is desirable. The second is that admission of members who practise those callings to full membership of the medical profession is undesirable. We think this is probably true also. But neither of Lord Dawson's theorems meets the case of Dr. Axham. The latter simply lent his aid, as an anaesthetist, to a great manipulator upon whose skill members of the medical profession are accustomed to rely. For so doing he was outlawed by his trade union. On that basis, every doctor who has sent patients to Sir H. A. Barker ought to be outlawed also. The question is not, as Lord Dawson puts it, whether a ship ought to put to sea under an amateur pilot because a skilled navigator is on board. The question is whether a skilled manipulator, whose competence is proved, is entitled to medical assistance. We agree that a test of competence is desirable, as in the case of a masseuse or a nurse. In Sir H. A. Barker's case no problem of competence arose; and the outlawry of Dr. Axham was, we repeat, an instance of the narrowest professional jealousy.—ED., *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM*.]

THE CANADIAN CATTLE EMBARGO.

SIR,—Six children, and a farm which costs me far more than they, make it impossible for me to take your paper in these days as regularly as I could wish, but when my friend Mr. Morrell showed me his letter urging the raising of the embargo on Canadian cattle I promised I would write from the opposite standpoint, and, having done that, I shall agree with him that these cattle should be admitted and all will be well. It is not clear to me whether we can admit Canadian stores without, at the same time, allowing cattle to come here from all other countries. In the latter case, as the Continent is rotten with disease, unrestricted importation would mean the end of all our pedigree herds, as countries such as those in South America will not admit our cattle when there is any doubt as to their healthiness. One cannot help feeling a contempt for the mentality of those who will not learn from experience. We are told, no

doubt with truth, that twenty-five years ago, before the so-called embargo was placed upon all imported cattle, it was so impossible to tell which countries were really free from disease and which were not, and that the discrimination threw such a responsibility upon the Minister of Agriculture, that Parliament took the matter out of his hands once and for all, and made impossible the importation from all countries alike; and now we are told that the free import of store cattle is the one thing necessary to make agriculture prosperous! Surely the experience of the last generation is of some value to us now!

But let us assume that we can admit store cattle from Canada and exclude them from South Africa and Australia, for instance. Either they will be dearer than Irish "stores," in which case we shall not be "troubled" with them (my herdsman, who has lived in Canada, says that this is not a strong enough term, for they are as wild as hawks), or they will be the cheaper of the two, and in this case the Irish "store" will no longer be produced. Furthermore, it being always an open question whether it pays to rear calves in this country, the import of Canadian "stores," they being cheaper even than the Irish, will probably decide the question once and for all, and that in the negative.

We reach this point, then: that the beasts hitherto born and reared in this country and in Ireland are to be produced and reared, till they are old enough to fat, in Canada, and we are to send the money over there to pay for them. So when the next war comes—and no one can say that a war is more unlikely to-day than it was at this time in 1914—we shall find ourselves with a few months' supply of Canadian cattle being finished off, and our milch cows, the only ones still producing calves, unable to give us a bullock to eat for another three years.

Again, one cannot bring oneself to contemplate the sufferings which these beasts will have to undergo on board ship; and I believe that the loss by death during, and immediately after, the voyage, and the loss of condition will together make it impossible to import store cattle from Canada at a profit. However, let us continue with our assumption that somehow or other they will come. What is to happen when America lowers her tariff, as she surely will before long? We shall have nothing here except milk-producing Friesians, and we shall be in the hands of the American Meat Trust with a vengeance!

For all that I should lift the embargo, because of the monstrous pledge given by Lord Ernle. It is eloquent of the contempt in which Ministers hold Parliament in these days that one of our minor Ministers, not a member of the Cabinet, can give a pledge that Parliament shall reverse legislation which it has once passed. I think, in passing, that it is hardly playing the game on the part of Canadians to pretend that they believed a politician's pledge—but there you are! They do pretend it, and we must be as good as our word.

They will not, however, expect us to admit cattle on terms less onerous than they themselves enforce, and if we insist on these, then little or no harm can ensue. Their conditions are as follows:—

- (1) A veterinary certificate;
- (2) An export certificate by the Ministry, &c.;
- (3) Thirty days' quarantine on landing;
- (4) Tuberculin test for animals over six months.

—Yours, &c.,

ARCHIBALD T. NICHOLSON.

Bucknell, Bicester.

SIR THOMAS MORE AS PERSECUTOR.

SIR,—Your anonymous reviewer of "Tudor England," referring to Sir Thomas More, makes the positive statement: "More himself was a convinced persecutor." There must be many readers of *THE NATION* AND *THE ATHENÆUM* as curious as I am to learn what justification can be offered for a gross libel on one of England's greatest men. Has your reviewer sources of historical information denied to most of us?—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH CLAYTON, F.R.Hist.S.

[The writer of the article says: The proof that More was a persecutor is open to anyone with knowledge of the facts of his life. In his "Apology," Ch. XLIX., he explains

that he hated heretics for their vices; he urged that the death of a heretic was preferable to his continued sojourn on earth with a chance to do further mischief ("English Works," p. 351); he himself admits that he inflicted corporal punishment on two heretics ("English Works," p. 901). His persecution of Pettit (Nicholas: "Narratives of the Reformation," p. 26) and Bainham (Foxe: "Acts and Monuments," IV., 697) is well known. He gloried in the burning of Tewkesbury ("English Works," p. 348). Hall, a contemporary, describes him as "a great persecutor of such as detested the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome" ("Chronicle," p. 817). It is obvious, therefore, that his attitude in the "Utopia" is merely a *tour de force* and not a settled conviction.]

THE BRITISH IN THE BALTIC IN 1914.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Conybeare's letter in your issue of July 1st with interest, as it gives a slightly different variant of the fairy story, which I have several times seen in print, of Great Britain having sent a fleet of empty merchant vessels to the Baltic in the early summer of 1914 to act as transports for a Russian invasion of Pomerania.

The real responsibility for the outbreak of the Great War is heavy enough, and the reasons for truly determining it are serious enough, to make those who wish to see the truth reached undesirous of having the ground encumbered by fables, whose disproof adds only to the triumph of those who maintain the official version of Germany's undivided guilt. It is not perhaps generally known that in pre-war days there was a very large import of British coal into Northern Russia, for the requirements of the Russian Baltic Fleet, for use by factories in the Petersburg area, and for railway consumption in the northern districts. This was found to be cheaper and more convenient than employing coal mined in South Russia which required seven or eight hundred miles of land transport.

Kronstadt was the chief port of discharge for these colliers, and I have frequently seen from twenty to thirty at one time unloading there in the commercial harbor during the early months of summer.

Moreover, owing to the special nature of this trade, the majority of these colliers used to leave Kronstadt for their return voyage empty, in ballast.

I have no doubt in my own mind that the "fleet of merchantment" chartered and dispatched early in May (the normal date) by Sir F. Bolton, was part of the ordinary collier traffic. Had they been dispatched empty, as Mr. MacClelland's surprise seems to infer, this would have been a matter of public knowledge, for even if one suppose that they could have left English ports in such numbers unnoticed, the fact of a fleet of light colliers passing into the Baltic would surely have been observed in the Sound and commented upon in the Danish Press. In addition, there would be no reason whatsoever for Lloyd's surveyor at Petersburg to inspect them, or any of them, outside of his ordinary routine of business, since this pattern of vessel is thoroughly known in all its details to the British Admiralty, including its capabilities for transport purposes.

Lord Grey and the British Government of that day have, in all probability, more than sufficient to answer for, without saddling them with this piece of particularly foolish wickedness.

I may add, also, that in a city particularly addicted to the spreading of imaginative rumor, nothing of the kind, to my knowledge, was then in circulation.

HAROLD GRENFELL,
Captain (ret'd.) R.N.,

Naval Attaché to British Embassy, Petersburg,
London, July 3rd, 1922. 1912-1917.

[This, no doubt, is the true explanation of the appearance of the British vessels in question, and disposes of all idea of a military purpose.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of July 1st from Mr. Fred. C. Conybeare, on the "Anglo-Russian Naval Entente of 1914," and to a statement therein that my father, the late Sir Frederic Bolton, "early in May (1914) chartered a fleet of merchantmen and dispatched

them to Kronstadt, where they arrived late in June, two days before the assassination of the Archduke."

In reply, may I state that Sir Frederic Bolton did no such thing, and that so far as concerns him, there is no foundation for the story that Mr. Conybeare reports on the authority of Mr. MacClelland?—Yours, &c.,

L. H. BOLTON.

16, St. Helen's Place, London, E.C. 3.

July 5th, 1922.

THE THAXTED CASE.

SIR,—The case arising from the application for a Faculty to remove from Thaxted Church the Irish Tricolor and a red banner bearing the text, "He hath made of one blood all nations," will be heard at Chelmsford on Saturday, July 8th.

For six years these flags have borne their witness to the principle that the Christian religion is intimately concerned with politics. The Irish flag, now the flag of the Irish Free State, was introduced to express the conviction that the Christian religion champions oppressed nationalities and that Christendom has been the nursing mother of nations. The other banner is complementary, expressing the principle that nationality is not enough, and that, according to Christ, nations should league themselves into a World Commonwealth.

The Churchwardens and the Parochial Church Council—elected recently on this issue—are unanimously with me in fighting to retain these flags. We distinguish carefully, in our teaching here, between Commonwealth and Empire: supporting the British Commonwealth, but attacking vigorously the Imperialism that dominates and exploits subject peoples.

The costs of the case, which has been forced upon us, will be very heavy, and our people are very poor. We should therefore be grateful for any contributions that your readers care to send us.—Yours, &c.,

CONRAD NOEL.

Thaxted.

[We are obliged to hold over a number of letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

Poetry.

RUDKIN.

RUDKIN was one who cattle sold,
Laughed loud, talked bold;
Children got, drank at inns,
Nor thought much of his sins.
Stout his legs, broad his back;
To live and thrive he had the knack.
All who went out, all who came in,
By Threckington, knew stout Rudkin.
Long he's been dead: his name has gone
Clean out of mind at Threckington;
If one should ask for Rudkin there
The village folk would stare and stare.
Rudkin is dead; dead as Queen Anne:
Hangs on my wall his warming-pan;
In hall hard by, solemn and clear,
Ticks the tall clock he used to hear;
Little Miss Wright, all unaware,
Reads her paper in his chair.
Down by the bridge the parapet
Is still chipped where his wain upset;
By the old barn there's an old pear
When he was wed he planted there.
His drover's dog was very like
Our butcher's cur: a mongrel tyke;
He had a bull with a crooked horn,
A heifer I saw like it this morn.
Down at "The George" in market-place
There's a bold wench wears his bold face.

K. H. ASHLEY.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

At the recent annual meeting of the Hudson's Bay Company, Sir Robert Kindersley, who was fairly optimistic about the domestic outlook in Canada, emphasized the fact that unless, and until, the great outstanding questions of international finance are settled, neither Canada nor any other country in the world can escape from the blight which the European chaos throws over the whole world. Sir Robert always speaks with authority, but his words carry even more weight than usual since he represented Great Britain at the recent Bankers' Conference in Paris. His words should be carefully studied and digested: "One thing is certain, and that is that no one country can escape the effect of the unhealthy conditions which exist in such a large portion of Europe to-day. Here and there there are undoubted signs of improvement, but the failure on the part of the Allies and Germany to come to a binding and final settlement in regard to reparations and interstate debts is proving to be a serious obstacle to the re-establishment of international trade. My one fear is that when at last the Allies one and all decide to deal courageously with the situation they may be too late. Let us hope not; but it is only too evident that there is no time to lose. A good crop will, I say, help Canada, but she cannot escape from the blight which the present European situation casts over the whole world." The latest plunge of the mark is surely a warning which adds grave emphasis to these words. Meanwhile, on the subject of international debt, there is a growing feeling in the City that our Government should lose no time in formally telling Washington that Great Britain wishes to conclude a definite agreement and plan for the payment of interest and amortization of the capital of her debt to the United States. Sir Robert Horne included £25 millions of interest as debt to America in his Budget estimates, but it would appear that our Government has not directly asked for a stereotyped funding arrangement; and this fact (if it is a fact) is exciting no small amount of comment in the American Press.

THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS.

The revenue and expenditure returns for the first quarter of the current fiscal year are, on the face of them, more satisfactory than might have been expected. The Chancellor budgeted for a revenue decline of £214 millions in the full year. The first quarter shows a decline of only £9 millions. On the other side of the accounts, there is a reduction of £72 millions in expenditure, whereas the estimated reduction for the full year is £169 millions. If the tendencies of the first quarter were continued the Chancellor would find that his estimates, so far from being optimistic, as the critics avowed, were far too cautious. But, as a matter of experience, not too much should be deduced from the first quarter's results. The effects of tax reductions have not properly come into play, while it is early days as yet to crow over the absence of supplementary estimates. All that can be said is that the start has been better than the depressed economic conditions led one to expect.

A POWERFUL PLANTATION COMPANY.

The Anglo-Dutch Plantations of Java is one of those plantation companies which by reason of liquid resources, good management, and variety of interests may be trusted to weather a prolonged rubber crisis. This Company's net profits for 1921, disclosed by the report published this week, were £116,556 as compared with over £147,000 in 1920. A 6 per cent. dividend is declared and the carry forward slightly increased to £51,644. This 6 per cent. dividend is payable on £1,930,617 of ordinary capital. A year ago 10 per cent. was paid on £1,286,780 of old capital and 2½ per cent. on the newly created £643,390 of bonus shares. The balance sheet shows gilt-edged investments of a market value of £1,139,500—a very great asset for tiding over crises like the present. As regards rubber itself, the results this year may perhaps be expected to be worse than last; but the tea crop should be better. It is also encouraging that the report contains more than one reference to the return to

normal labor conditions and the reduction in costs of production. Rubber shares generally, including Anglo-Dutch, have lost most of the ground gained in last week's spurt; for it is realized that the Dutch rubber-growers' meeting may not mean as much as was at first hoped. But even if *laissez faire* methods prevail and the process of natural selection ensues, Anglo-Dutch will emerge from the trial and re-enter some day the period of prosperity. Its results during the rubber crisis so far have been surprisingly satisfactory.

ARGENTINE RAILS.

I referred briefly last week to the encouragement afforded to holders of Argentine Railway Stocks by the long-overdue concession of permission to increase freight rates. This concession brightens the outlook, but as the principal Argentine railways close their accounts on June 30th, it will not affect the next issue of annual accounts, nor will it affect the next dividend declarations, except in so far as directors may allow the improved future outlook to moderate the caution of their policy. Meanwhile, the traffic returns for the full year 1921-22 are in most cases available. These are set out below, together with figures showing the advance that the first half-year has seen in the quotations of the stocks. The rate announcement brought a sudden spurt last week, but most of the rise above the lowest level of the year has been the result of a steady and long-continued market support:—

Name of Line.		No. of Weeks.	Aggregate Gross Receipts, and Net Receipts where stated.		Prices of Ordinary Stocks.		Rise.
			£	Increase or Decrease on year.	Lowest, 1922.	End of June, 1922.	
Argentine	North	51	548,400	— 57,700	13½	18½	5
Argentine	Transandinine	51	115,685	— 17,980	4½†	7½†	3†
Buenos Ayres	Pacific	52	7,449,000	+ 625,000	35	52	17
Buenos Ayres	Great Southern	52	8,426,000	+ 348,000	55½	78½	22½
Do.	Do.	Net	2,145,000	+ 718,000			
Buenos Ayres	Western	52	4,094,000	— 45,000	51½	75½	24
Do.	Do.	Net	879,000	+ 385,000			
Central Argentine		52	8,444,000	— 296,000	50½	68½	18
Cordoba	Central	52	2,622,300	— 213,900	6	12½	6½
Entre Rios		51	955,400	— 224,300	14½	20½	6

† 7% Cum. Pref. £20 share. Last dividend 3% December, 1913.

It is unfortunate that only two of the companies—the Buenos Ayres Great Southern and the Buenos Ayres Western—publish net receipts. It will be seen that the gross receipts of all the companies, except the Buenos Ayres Pacific, show declines. But net receipts, in the two cases where they are given, both show increases on the previous year. General deductions from these two cases may be subject to error. But the figures suggest that the companies have made large reductions in working costs. It should, in making the comparison, be remembered that the previous year, 1920-21, was a bad one, and in view of the considerable rise in quotations that has recently taken place, investors should not assume that a present purchase will necessarily bring quick capital appreciation.

MARKET AND COMPANY TOPICS.

There was much talk early this week of a further Bank Rate reduction, but the expectation of the majority was vindicated by the maintenance of the 3½ per cent. rate. Possibly in a week or two the reduction may come. Apart from the gilt-edged market, business on the Stock Exchange has been disappointing, early promise of a real growth in the all-round volume of business not having matured.

The Mexican debt agreement, to which I recently referred, has been ratified by the Mexican President, and appears to have given considerable satisfaction in New York, where American oil interests are conferring with representatives of the Mexican Government with a view to further concerted development of Mexico's oil resources.

A number of industrial companies have come out with new issues this week, and the big rush of borrowers anticipated in some quarters is apparently beginning.

L. J. R.



THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4810.

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The World of Books.

ON the subject of ballads a Tolstoyan heresy prevails. Here, at least, argue the disciples of "What is Art?" thinking of "Sir Patrick Spens," "The Nut-Brown Maid," "Clerk Saunders," and "Maid Margaret," and their glorious brethren, the nationalization of beauty and democracy and the greatest literature are one. And thence is born that dangerous fallacy that great and free literature is written by the dispossessed, not because they are great and free, but because they drop their aitches. Literature has no more natural bond with modern democracy than it has with plutocracy, and men do not write well because they are rich or poor, but simply because they are artists. Whether poverty or material well-being is the better soil for a man's creative powers, his imagination, sympathy, and breadth of vision, is quite another matter. Manifestly it depends upon the man. That literature is influenced to its health or anæmia by economic conditions is obviously true, but even here, I should say, only indirectly. It is unsound to argue that Wordsworth became a sermonizing pedant because he fell into the stagnant backwash of the French Revolution; that dreadful staleness and churchwardenism were implicit in his nature—he lived too long. And in the time of the last Tudors and first Stuarts, when economic conditions were savage and infamous, literature was on the boil. The commercialization of life debases labor and isolates the arts from the community. But they live in spite of it.

THE problem is, in fact, far too complex for simple dogmatism; and if the creative spirit does not blow where it listeth it responds to factors far deeper than current politics. We are so short-sighted in our passion for cause and effect, and now here is Dr. Rollins of New York University, in "A Pepysian Garland," upsetting a cherished ideal about ballads. It seems they are not great poetry because they were written by the people for the people—since the great majority of them are not poetry at all, and have no more claim to be so considered than the daily Press has to be considered prose. "A Pepysian Garland" (Cambridge University Press) contains eighty black-letter broadside ballads: seventy-three from the first volume of the Pepys collection of ballads between 1595 and 1639, begun by Selden (the material of the other four volumes is later in date), and seven from other sources. Though Percy, Ebsworth (Roxburghe Ballads, 1871-1891), and others have bitten deep into

Pepys's collection, it has been left for American scholarship to issue a systematic edition of this treasure for the first time. In the Commonwealth period ballad-singing was made illegal and offenders were flogged, so that what was begun by Skelton in 1512 eventually ended, like a good many other harmless joys, with the Puritan hegemony. The ballads went on, but they grew senile in righteousness and the reaction from righteousness, and were finally superseded by newspapers, music-hall songs, the Heartsease Library, and Old Moore's Almanac.

DR. ROLLINS's miscellany, then, hoists up the broadside ballad side by side with the traditional ballad, and gives us a larger view of popular literature. Now the evening newspapers are popular literature, and these ballads of our forefathers, written by contemporary journalists, set to familiar tunes and sold in the streets by professional singers, were the popular Press of the seventeenth century. To read their titles is comically like reading the headlines in to-night's *Late Extra*—fashions, crimes, marvels, japes, romances, potted history, tales, moral parables—"and as things have been they remain." Except for the vulgarity (the ballads are coarse often enough, but they are not vulgar), and the perpetual shouting in print, and the bad prose for tolerable verse, and the stink of money and the urchinism of the modern Press, these ballads are the same thing. The Press of to-day may be a little more credulous; the ballads are much more readable, because they preserve a decent average of the English language; but on them is stamped to the life the British public of three hundred years ago. It is as ridiculous to suggest that you get the form and pressure of the age in Shakespeare as that you get it in Doughty or Thomas Hardy. You only get it in Shakespeare when he quotes from the ballads (which he, like his fellow-poets, despised and used) or traffics their spirit and material to his own purpose. And one is bound to say that if our popular Press accurately reflects (as the ballads unquestionably do) the mass feelings of the modern public—and it is difficult to estimate to what extent their business interest is a distorting mirror—then for three hundred years our democracy has not moved a single step, except backwards, in the sense that it has lost something of its sweetness and heartiness and soundness of taste. For who cannot enjoy these ballads is too good for this world.

BUT they are not popular literature in the sense that "Love will find out the way" is so. Some are what Will hummed to Mawkin in the summer dusk; some what he hammered out to Ben and Thomas in the tavern; some what he read to his mother, and some what he didn't. Withal, they are Will to the color of his eyes:—

"O Mine owne sweet heart,
And when wilt thou be true?
Or when will the time come
That I shall marry you,
That I may give you kisses,
One, two, or three,
More sweeter than the hunny
That comes from the Bee?"

That is the broadside ballad as "Is there any room at your head, Saunders?" is the traditional.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

SHELLEY AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE following passages on Shelley and some of his friends have a peculiar interest. They have not been published before; and they were written by one who, in his early days, had had the extraordinary luck to be, not only Charles Lamb's acknowledged "favorite child," not only the listener to Keats's glowing conversation, but the playmate of Shelley. "Here also," wrote Leigh Hunt of Shelley at Hampstead, "he swam his paper boats on the ponds, and delighted to play with my children, particularly with my eldest boy, the seriousness of whose imagination, and his susceptibility of a 'grim' impression (a favorite epithet of Shelley's), highly interested him." Of this seriousness Thornton Hunt himself left a recollection among his papers: "Perhaps the first subject on which I can remember to have had a distinctive opinion was religion. I was in the habit of hearing the subject discussed by many who visited my father's house—Shelley, Jefferson Hogg, Keats, Charles Brown, not forgetting my father himself; and when quite a child I used to answer questions on the point by saying: 'We are Deists.' I had conversations innumerable with 'serious' people who tried to convert me, and used very bad arguments, which I answered as Prometheus Unbound would—that if God was the avenger they represented, I did not venerate him." Truly a Shelleian child.

In after days Thornton Hunt became a man singular in his intellectual abilities and in the modesty of character with which he effaced "my father's son," and which has denied him a place even among the *hortus siccus* of Victorian biography. The "self-sacrifice and gallant, resigned industry," which Charles Kingsley and many others appreciated in him, deprived him of what he never missed—a name. Carlyle, Thackeray, Gladstone, and many another paid him splendid tributes; but he remained for the general mind a nobody. Trained first as a painter, he found "the effluvia of the pigments a direct poison to him"; but he felt that these studies, teaching him the proportion and the connection between "matter-of-fact and the very highest art" which all his writings displayed, were of the greatest service to him. First employed as literary and art critic on the "Constitutional," 1837, he soon spoke out the political opinions which he had inherited. Thenceforward his chief work was political. From 1841 to 1860 he was, in a very large measure, the "Spectator"; meanwhile, in 1850, he had begun the "Leader," that promoter of free discussion and co-operative principles; and, while one passes over other important connections of his, he was the virtual editor of the "Daily Telegraph" from 1860 until his death from overwork in 1873.

It is in these and other journals (the "Cornhill" and reviews of its type not excepted) that most of his work lies in anonymity. A novel, pamphlets on the problems of his time, editions of Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography" and "Correspondence" composed his separate publications. Retaining, nevertheless, his fine sympathies and memories, he contrived in his scanty leisure to write other things. From one large manuscript of his, entitled "Proserpina," a discussion of knowledge, especially "in matters pertaining to Science, Art, and Government"—a discussion surprisingly unsuggestive of modern views of Victorianism—are taken the passages which we give. It was written, before 1863, in the light of Shelley's pre-eminence; "I cannot," its author notes, "separate my thoughts from P. B."

The main allusion to Shelley arises from a view of domestic relationships, a necessary illustration of the writer's argument; and the view he chooses is, naturally, of his old home. It is shadowed forth in slender disguise. There is Leigh Hunt, described in sentences which eventually bring us to "He seldom viewed anything as it really was, but as it looked under the atmosphere of poetry, by the light of classic illustrations." Marianne, his wife, concerning whom there is so much mystery, is carefully appraised, "without culture or the power of acquiring it; with a childlike sense of verse, never matured; with an almost equally childlike

sense of economy which the bookworm long believed to be nearly perfect. United by strong affection and love for their progeny, what had this couple in common?" Others of Marianne's family, notably Elizabeth Kent the "inflexible," whom Keats disliked but Shelley seems to have admired, are characterized. Hunt's brothers—John of the "grave, dignified resolve" which sent him to prison, Stephen the lawyer, "indifferent to everything except 'society,' and growing callous even to that," and Robert the "homely non-artist," who fell foul of Blake—follow and make up the actual family.

Then come friends and acquaintances. Alsager, the Novellos, the Lambs, and others are dexterously presented; Hazlitt, "conscious of deficiencies in the very alphabet of literature"; Keats, "the earnest, living picture of a youthful poet, J. K., who has marked his place in fame, though he went to Rome to die before his time, attended by friendship, but not by the affianced love which punctilio held back." Horace Smith, immortalized by Shelley, is here, "letting a woman put coals on the fire rather than be *géné* by the 'trouble for himself'"; and his brother James, "the kind-hearted, self-indulgent epicurean," also earns a liberal delineation.

Then, "attracted to the same centre is N. B[ryon], whose whole biography is a moral tale. Orphan heir to title and fortune, 'his own master' while a boy, of classic beauty yet a cripple, endowed by nature with wit, imagination, and the gift of numbers; accomplished in manly sports and literature, 'emancipated' from every conceivable restraint, and burning to be the chief figure in many a successive *tableau de théâtre*, the young scion of a twofold aristocracy, in Westminster and in Parnassus, is held in merciless bondage by a triple demon—love of pleasure, love of applause, and love of gold. . . . With genuine patriotic sympathies, he thinks more of the melodramatic effect of a patriotic *coup*, and half flinches from the mission he undertakes. With a real *storge* of generosity in his breast, he flings his gold broadcast for luxury or for friendship, and then haggles over his stewards' items. With a true æsthetic sense of the beautiful, but an Eve-like curiosity, he will literally try profligacy 'to the dregs.' With a keen sense of folly in others—and himself—he writes magnificent satires on the vices of the age, in which the hero is drawn from the looking-glass—and then he hides away from his own library those Italian models of romance and satire from whom he caught his first idea of the form for his own art. . . . And finally, with a touching frankness of conduct as well as tongue—for he cannot *know* concealment—he confesses that, victim to early lack of guidance, he never has yet done justice to his own nature, and attaches himself to a noble friendship just long enough to prove what that great school might have done for him, when death removes the teacher, and next takes away the pupil before he can fulfil his studies even alone. . . ."

That teacher is the subject of the eloquent succeeding pages: "In what I have spoken of as a circle centring round one man there were, you already know, those who were centres of yet larger circles, in which he was proud to be subordinate; and none was more emphatically the chief man than he whom I have just spoken of as the 'teacher.' His disciples have been many, among them men of commanding powers; but it has been only by degrees that the real scope and direction of his genius has been comprehended. Heir to fortune and title, while yet a boy he revolted against tyranny, dogma, and falsehood so openly and uncompromisingly that his family disowned him as far as it might, society looked askance at him, and only they welcomed him who were at issue with the dominant idolatry of that period, now passed away. At first his vindication of intellectual freedom took the shape of antagonism; he went back from the doctrines which he found identified, for the time, with servility and corruption in politics, to classic models of virtue and ideal standards of beauty; and refusing a family condonation, a seat in Parliament, and higher honors in prospect, he sought his life in poetry made real; wedding the daughter and intellectual heiress of 'Political Justice,' and literally leading her clear mind into his own path of classic study and exalted speculation. As he advanced towards its midst he drew around him men older in years, more trained in the world, and more accustomed to embody

their thoughts in definite aims, whether of social action or worldly success. Thus he formed a circle which included the faithful idealist whom I first spoke of [Hunt], the ultra-emancipated, romantic satirist of noble birth [Byron], the witty, sceptical classicist [Hogg], the tender-hearted, Montaigne-like essayist-clerk [Lamb, who has not usually been reckoned of Shelley's circle], the sensitive critic who condescended to speak of Rousseau as his model [Hazlitt], the worldly, clever satirist [Smith], the picture-writing young poet [Keats], the æsthetic bookseller [Ollier], and many more as various in nature. Each one understood some part of his genius, but not one the whole of it—for at that time the data were not accessible to any one man, if all the elements of his truly great character will ever be thoroughly known. Most he seemed to command the sympathy of the pure and thorough-going idealist; but that congenial friend was perplexed to find so clear an accord between the self-sacrificing, devoted, pure-minded philosopher and the melodramatic, self-indulgent, wavering 'noble bard'; and neither was prepared for the rational, plain, business-like, practical manner in which their acknowledged leader now grappled with hard problems, whether of primeval antiquity, working politics, abstract morals, everyday life, or even hard cash. Nay, the deeply loving mate by his side, trained in antagonistic ideas of 'independence,' somewhat touched by a peevish sickness of temperament, only learned too late, from retrospection, all her own sympathy and all the graced beauty of spirit and conduct which commanded it—no, not too late; for love lives after death, and of such influences we can in truth never discern the end."

Further adding to his sketch of the circle, Thornton Hunt says of Shelley: "The one of highest intellect and most poetical genius had no ear for music"; and notes that Mrs. Leigh Hunt and a sister entertained the angel quite unawares. They were "familiar with the poet-philosopher, and 'knew him well'; but so little did they comprehend the thoughts that pressed upon his soul, the passions he felt, the motives on which he acted, or the real nature of the things [he did] that, to speak the plain truth in short phrase, they actually did not know that such a being as he who was their housemate actually existed." Emphasizing presently the contrast between Shelley and Hunt, the writer observes: "With faculties drawn forth and informed by the same library, but endowed with the powers of life in their fullest intensity, the friend whom the idealist specially and deliberately honored, P. B., knows the beauties of nature by direct study: does not so much read life by the light of books, as those well-known books by the light of life; draws from the creation the raw material of thoughts the most sublime and lovely; feels in beating heart the sweet passion which poets have striven to utter, and follows the noblest motives of nature's aristocracy with a thorough understanding."

Recording here from an isolated note of Thornton Hunt's the pleasant detail of Penshurst, "Sir Philip Sidney's place—the place in which Shelley, to whom it might have come, promised my father a tower," I pass to a concluding extract from "Proserpina." It is the manifesto that Shelley's child companion was not unworthy of the companionship, though his early radiance became obscured in the round of journalism, and of his later friendships some came to grief. It depicts how, "when in some great and glorious companionship we escape from the precincts of civilized life, with its needless interferences, its nuisances, chafings, and abominations, to the region of free wind and unintercepted sea, of wave unpent in viaduct, and converse fit to breathe the breeze that sports with crag and breaker, then this basket of ribs, expand as it will, feels that it is scarcely big enough to contain the life with which man is endowed, if he will but claim his inheritance."

"But that is a condition which does not pass fruitless. I remember wandering up hill and down dale, the playfellow of a great nature. We played with paper boats, and fancied our fate in fair weather or foul. I perfectly remember when he, perplexed between the old, unpracticable conclusions—for 'in practice' they are relaxed at every demand—and his own indignant, antagonistic conclusions, was forced by an unjust law to give up truth or natural affection. I witnessed, and remember, his agony, sharp but not short. He was punished, reviled, exiled from society. But meanwhile many

not only read his books, but shared his life; his mood influenced their mood; and long after I saw Trelawny bring back the earthly remains of Shelley in a small funeral box, I have seen Shelley's life, his way of thought, spreading to numbers who were themselves influential, and thus altering, elevating, enlarging the life of our race."

This was written on May 30th, 1859.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

Reviews.

THE POLITICS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

British History in the Nineteenth Century, 1782-1901.

By G. M. TREVELYAN. (Longmans. 12s. 6d.)

It has been said that the nineteenth century begins in England in 1832 and in France in 1789, for those dates mark the end of the old *régime* in the two countries. Mr. Trevelyan pushes back the nineteenth century to 1782, and his readers will not complain, because he undoubtedly contrives to give unity to his subject and to make the history of the last century clearer by the story he tells of the beginnings of the Liberal Party. The most remarkable fact about English history, in comparison with the history of Continental nations, is that the transition from the aristocratic England of 1750 to our modern England, whatever we like to call it, has been effected by a series of peaceful and bloodless revolutions. To understand how this has happened, we must glance at the origin of the Liberal Party in the eighteenth century. The traditions of that school had a profound influence on English history. For English history would have followed a very different course if the aristocracy had held to all its privileges as a compact body resisting change to the death. In that case change would have come in a different form, and it would have been followed by a different type of society. As it was, whereas France put a violent end to the eighteenth century, England blended it with the nineteenth. England, after 1832, introduced changes that modified the rule of custom, and introduced, under Bentham's influence, the rule of science; but this was done under the regis of leaders who looked back to the days of aristocracy, and who did not lose their hold on public life. Mr. Trevelyan points out that men like Canning, Huskisson, Peel, Durham, and Russell united to an unusual degree the merits of aristocracy and democracy, for they had the instincts and experience of a class brought up to serve the State, while they regarded public problems with the responsible temper of men who acknowledged obligations to a larger world than their class. There is something specially significant in the coincidence that the Reform Bill was passed by one of the most aristocratic Governments England had ever known. Peel, the leader of the Tories in 1832, was the grandson of a yeoman; in 1880, no less than in 1780, it was taken for granted that a Duke of Devonshire or a Marquis of Lansdowne would be one of the political leaders of the nation: these are the facts that give you the secret of English political history.

The political leaders of the nineteenth century inherited the tradition of a ruling class which had a definite and limited view of its duties. As a class it had contributed few constructive ideas to politics; what it had contributed at its best was a sense of public duty, a liberal outlook, and the habit of government. Its rôle in the nineteenth century was not very different. The ideas that inspired the Factory Acts did not come from this class; they came from men like Owen and Fielden. The ideas that inspired municipal reform did not come from this class; they came from Bentham and Chadwick. So with all the more decisive impulses of reform and reconstruction. What the governing class did was to find leaders who could adapt the constructive ideas of others to our political institutions, having for this task the equipment of a liberal education, the tradition of public spirit, the habit of discussion and argument. If we look at the gradual development of English institutions throughout the century, we are struck in the first place by the political capacity of these several leaders. England

owes to them some notable qualities in her public life. Mr. Trevelyan rightly lays stress on England's freedom, after 1815, from the militarism that was so conspicuous in some Continental nations, Wellington setting an example that had important consequences. Secondly, the tolerant temper of English life and the tradition of the independent administration of justice are the result of the circumstances under which aristocratic rule was established and developed. Thirdly, this class understood the mechanism of government, and had a fundamental respect for those principles of administration without which society is at the mercy of anybody who cares to exploit its passions. From this point of view no reform in the nineteenth century was more valuable than the creation of a strictly impartial Civil Service.

But if in one aspect we are struck by the political capacity of these leaders, in another aspect—the aspect of which we are reminded as we read Dickens, or Carlyle, or Ruskin, or when we think of the state of the towns and villages in 1914—we are struck by their want of social imagination. In English history the results have been bad, for reforms have come long after they were overdue, and the state of England to-day is a commentary on the way in which England wasted her strength in the day of her great commercial prosperity. But if the results have been bad in English history, in Irish history they have been a catastrophe, and Mr. Trevelyan, we think, would have been wise to make a separate study of the Irish history of the period. Entangled in our history it is apt to lose its significance. If we want to see English aristocratic power at its worst, we see it in the refusal of the House of Lords to allow Peel to apply the reforms recommended by the Devon Commission in the 'forties. The charge brought against the Bolshevik Government that it is directly responsible for famine can be brought with terrible justice against the British House of Lords. In English social politics the selfishness of a class was tempered by fear and by conscience. This is well illustrated in the attitude of the House of Lords to the repeal of the Corn Laws, though Mr. Trevelyan evidently thinks that if Russell had had the nerve to form a Government in 1845, he would have had to face another crisis like that of 1832 in order to get the Lords to accept Repeal. If this view is correct, and if it means that a democratic attack on the Lords might have been made in 1845, England's grievance against Russell is greater than any debt it owes him. But if in English politics the House of Lords had some respect for public opinion, in Irish politics it followed the lead of class selfishness without disguise. Consequently, it yielded only to violence, and its complete want of the large and considered outlook which aristocracy substitutes for the enthusiasm and influence of democracies has been the main cause of Irish disorder from that day to this. In a country where nothing but disorder has ever succeeded, the credit of disorder must inevitably stand high.

The war has affected most English minds in two ways. It has at once diminished our expectations and increased our self-satisfaction. Before the war we were inclined to think that mankind was progressing, and that with public spirit and goodwill great reforms were within our reach. To this general hopefulness the war and the events of the last few years have given a sharp shock: we all of us carry disillusionment, grey and sober sense, on our faces. At the same time, contrasting our own fortunes and development with those of other peoples, we come more and more to think that we have made a better business of life than our more logical and more passionate neighbors: and we get into the way of thinking that, after all, there is a good deal of quiet, solid success in our history. Both these influences are apparent in Mr. Trevelyan's pages. They lead him, indeed, into judgments where we are unable to follow him, as in his reflection that "it was certainly inevitable, and it may have been desirable, that a great Conservative reaction should emphasize our rejection of the French doctrines." We should have thought that the high Tory system with which the nineteenth century opened was one of the admitted disasters of English history. Mr. Trevelyan's account of the French war is a masterpiece of arrangement and compression—though here, again, this tendency leads him perhaps to take rather too indulgent a view of Canning's seizure of the Danish

Fleet in 1807. Dr. Holland Rose's treatment of that incident in the new Cambridge History of Foreign Policy seems to us more judicial and more thorough. Mr. Trevelyan thinks that, King or no King, coalition between Pitt and Fox was really impossible because of their temperaments and their ideas. A great deal can be said for this view, but the letters of Canning and Lady Bessborough published in the correspondence of Lord Granville, the most intimate picture that has ever been given of the domestic politics of those years, would give some countenance to a different conclusion.

Mr. Trevelyan is at his best in describing the manners, habits, and social aspects of the period he is reviewing. His pictures and reflections are admirable. What could be more illuminating than his footnote on the absence of songs about shooting in a country where shooting was associated in the popular mind with transportation, spring guns, and the most brutal penal code in Europe? He moves easily about the literature, the art, the taste, the customs of each generation, and always contrives to draw some enlightening lesson for his readers. His judgments on men are interesting and striking. Of Pitt he says: "Prematurely old in spirit—cautious, dignified, formidable, experienced, laborious, wise—but with a mind that, after a splendid spring-time, too soon became closed to generous enthusiasms and new ideas." Of Fox: "He had loved life too well to be a perfect statesman, but he had brought human life and love with him into the political world, and since he passed out of it, though it has been dignified by equal genius and higher virtue, it has never again been made Shakespearian by such a kind, grand, human creature." Of Gladstone: "His neglect of Ulster and his handling of his Party and his colleagues were fatal to Home Rule and to the Liberal cause. Old age had had upon him a strange effect. It left his gifts and energies as wonderful as ever, and his mind no less open to new ideas, but it diminished his tact and prudence." It is not easy to write a history so complex as this with all the attractions of form and style that make Mr. Trevelyan's Italian studies so delightful, and these pages do not give so vivid an impression as that left by the books on Garibaldi, of a glowing pleasure in their creation. But they are full of wisdom and insight finely expressed. What could be better than this on Irish history?—"Fenianism was the first reaction of the new Irish America upon the British Isles. It was the return of the emigrant ships of the famine, a quicker return than that of the 'Mayflower.'"

"Q" ON HIS CHARGER.

Studies in Literature. By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. (Cambridge University Press. 14s.)

THAT it is not only possible but almost incumbent upon us to take two different and opposable critical views of these reprinted lectures on English Literature to Cambridge undergraduates shows how provocative and stimulating they are. We do not take sides both for and against donnishness; we accept it as one of the tedious, if necessary, phenomena of life. But "Q" gets astride his mettlesome nag, sometimes to shout, "Ha! ha!" as he smells the battle afar off, the captains and the shouting; sometimes to drift mysteriously sideways, like the famous and crotchety steed of Mr. Winkle. Exuberance is genius, wrote Blake, and, whatever the tangle of our judgment, "Q's" fires never burn low, choked in professorial ashes.

On the other hand, they do sometimes seem to burn with sticks rather than coal. Sir Arthur's heresies against the handbooks, for instance, do not always come off. In one of the lectures on Shelley he gives the really astounding reason for the dearth of poets in the neighborhood of 1825, that England had simply killed them off. To suggest that even that very fiery particle, Lord Byron, was snuffed out by English pharisaism is stretching a very long bow, but to take away the sole responsibility of asphyxiation and bacilli accounting for Shelley and Keats is going a little too far. Incidentally, in the same three essays, Sir Arthur quotes Shelley's rather commonplace jog-trot, "Away! the moor is dark beneath the moon," as "hauntingly beautiful"

—and he usually so penetrating into the subtleties and delicacies of metrical cadence; he finds the metre of "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gypsy" beating with the very accent of Shelley, which is like comparing a tern with a blackbird; he uses the word "cynical" in writing of Cobbett, whose simple-mindedness is the very secret of his braced and homespun style, and he calls Thompson the "clearest-eyed" of Shelley's critics—who turns him into the Little Boy Lost in the vast and playing with star-dust. The lengthy portion of the book dealing with Milton leads elaborately to the conclusion that "Paradise Lost" was finally cast as an epic, not a tragedy, because of the closing of the theatres in 1642, which utterly ignores the date when it was written and Milton's immersion in politics. It may be safely said that of all the mid-seventeenth-century men of letters concerned, whether professionally or through occasional experiment in dramatic composition, Milton was the least affected by this action of the Puritans. In a lecture on the Victorian Age, in which emphasis tends to do duty for substance, Sir Arthur defends Queen Victoria against Mr. Lytton Strachey with an accent of hurt indignation which oddly fails to take into account the fact, beating under the gleaming metal of the style, that she is not Mr. Strachey's Aunt Sally but his heroine.

And we are forced to scrape two other bones before enjoying to the full, and without any further humming and hawing, the delightful feast the author sets before us. The lectures are not economically knit up, and the frequent inconsequence of their material is very distracting when it prevents us from relishing their proper subjects. Why must Sir Arthur mar a brilliant and finely interpretative lecture on "Antony and Cleopatra" (the most eloquent in the book) by a wayward discourse on compulsory Greek? And this is no isolated instance. In getting the hang of the Miltonic temperament, we are not happy at being side-tracked into accepting Tennyson, very much against our sense of the fitness of epithet, as a "mighty" poet, and this element of hobby-horsing, if full of personality, is altogether too discursive, even for lecturing, laying the stress on opinion rather than criticism. Lastly, Sir Arthur does tend at times to indulge a certain rotundity and gesticulation of phrase which make us (at those times) a little too sharply conscious of the fact that "Studies in Literature" is a series of lectures, not essays:—

"Does it ring true? Is it *sincere*? Yes, there we have it—for all poetry, greater or less—the critical word—*sincerity*. Though poetry speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *sincerity*, it is become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

"So true," one imagines the comment of a charming listener.

But these are the faults of literary virtues so endearing and individual that the youth of Cambridge have, indeed, struck a goldmine in their Professor. One can hear the barriers between master and pupil crash when we read "John Lydgate is a dull dog," and of Gower: "You will find the moral old man not only tolerable, but even a bit wickeder and more amusing than fame makes him out." An unreasonable foggy overhangs many of those names associated with Chaucer—Hoccleve, Stephen Hawes, James I. of Scotland, Henryson, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas—but Sir Arthur's sparkling and shrewd vignettes of them dispel it all, and as a way of introduction into the appreciation of our obscure literature Sir Arthur's persuasiveness of manner is an avenue of grassy pleasure. He defends Chaucer against Arnold's rather prim denial of *σπουδαίους* to his creation and liveliness which is not the less wise and true for that, and his insight into the constituents of the greatness of "Antony and Cleopatra" is constructive criticism of a perfect understanding, nobly expressed. And we are not sure that the complaint that these lectures lack essay gravity, condensation, and proportion is altogether a fair one, though their publication in book form opens them to the criticism. As talks, rather than lectures, to undergraduates they are a remarkable blend of sheer humanness with real learning, of color and pictorial quality with a true intimacy with the mind of genius, of a sense of aesthetic values and power of exposition with suggestive quotation. A few whimsies do not weigh much against such richness of quality.

THE PRIME MINISTERS.

The Prime Ministers of Britain, 1721 to 1921. By the Hon. CLIVE BIGHAM. (Murray. 21s.)

THERE are some disadvantages attaching to Mr. Bigham's method of personifying two centuries of English political history (1721-1921) in thirty-six vignettes of Prime Ministers, for it obliges him to retrace his steps, and retell the same story, interleaved with the careers of successive statesmen. Also, it compels him on occasion to recite the play and leave the chief player out. A round dozen of his Prime Ministers were men of no importance or of very little. Darkness fell long ago on the shadows whose names were once Wilmington and Ripon, Pelham and Portland, Devonshire and Grafton, and only a stray gleam shot from greater careers illumines the dull Grenvilles or the good Rockingham. Yet Mr. Bigham must allot these phantoms the space he is bound to deny to Fox and Burke, Owen and Bentham, Place and Cobbett, O'Connell and Cobden, Shaftesbury and Fielden, no less than to Castlereagh and Chamberlain. But his plan and his shrewd and unpretentious pursuit of it have undeniable merits. The evolution of the English Prime Minister was neither an accident nor an uncharacteristic event. It was the seal and consequence of the government of England by "the families." The Whigs, far more than the Hanoverians, have been our latter-day dynasts. That by no means implied that a Prime Minister needed to be born in the purple of the Whig succession. Walpole himself, the Pitts, Canning, and Addington, were instances to the contrary. Now a genius, and again a mediocrity, varied the actual sovereignty. But the main stuff of government remained of the form and quality that its true artificers imposed. Mr. Bigham illustrates this fact in an ingenious compendium of the family relationships which linked whole generations of English governing men to one another, and kept the Whig system going for the best part of two hundred years:—

"Lord Melbourne was a brother-in-law of Lord Palmerston. His wife was a cousin of Lord Grey's wife and of the Duke of Portland's wife, who was herself a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. Through Lord Egremont, Melbourne was himself a cousin of Lord Grenville, and so was connected with George Grenville, Lord Chatham, and Pitt. Both his wife and his mother were great-nieces of Lord Rockingham's sisters. Rockingham was a cousin of Pelham's daughter, and Pelham was brother to the Duke of Newcastle, and brother-in-law to Lord Townshend, who stood in the same relation to Walpole. Thus in four generations, Melbourne's collateral ancestry included a dozen Whig Prime Ministers, all of them, with the exception of Chatham, nobly born, and nearly all of them rich."

Mr. Bigham's characterization seems to us easy and competent. He does not aim at epigram, but we suspect him of humor. Else why should he inform us that Lord Salisbury's specific against democracy was "dogmatic religion, protection, and security"? We quarrel, without malice, with an epithet or two. Gladstone, we suggest, was not "tall," nor Disraeli "large," nor can we award Lord Rosebery "high rank" as a "historian," or a "master of the English language," or indeed any rank at all. Such small qualifications made, we applaud Mr. Bigham's accomplishment in the art of delineation in brief.

CHINESE EARTHENWARE.

The Early Ceramic Wares of China. By A. L. HETHERINGTON. (Benn. 63s.)

IT is a queer thing that complacency should still be so conspicuous a disfigurement of the human mind, seeing how many antidotes to it are provided by kindly Nature. We think of ourselves as the sum of human culture, the flower of civilization; we assume our natural right to govern the "inferior" races; while there, beyond a little stretch of sea and land, sits China, the ancient and inscrutable, smiling her philosophic smile; remembering what she has seen of other civilizations, their rise and fall, growth, splendor, and decay. We look proudly round at the fruit of our modern ideas: education, social legislation, economics. But what were we doing in 1122 B.C.? In China, at that date, the Emperor Wu Wang, himself a descendant of the Minister of Education under the Emperor Shun (2255 B.C.), was

establishing schools throughout the Empire, building houses in which the aged might pass their last days in comfort at the expense of the National Exchequer, and paying for these things out of revenue derived from Land Taxes and Income Tax, controlled by a Cabinet of Ministers acting under the Emperor. Is it surprising that China smiles, gives a polite sigh at all our superiority, and returns to the contemplation of beauty?

China contemplates beauty in many forms, and, peculiarly, in that of pottery. So national and racial an art is this that we ourselves use the same word for the country and the thing. Its antiquity may be judged by the fact that even in China its history is largely legendary; that certain kinds of ware celebrated by the early poets and writers have become entirely lost, and their particular qualities and beauties can only be deduced from the descriptions of the poets. The lost ware called Ch'ai yao, for example, is described as "blue as the sky after rain; as clear as a mirror; as thin as paper, and as resonant as a musical stone of jade." The Hsing Chou ware "resembled silver, and was like snow," and the Yüeh Chou pottery "resembled jade, and was like ice."

The early wares dealt with by Mr. Hetherington are, roughly, of two kinds—the Han pottery, which is largely miniature sculpture, and the later types, into which imitation of other forms does not enter. These latter, while lacking the direct human interest of the Han figures, are beautiful in a way which makes a peculiar appeal to the artist, and particularly to the Chinese artist and connoisseur. They are perfect, with that perfection which comes from complete knowledge and acceptance of the limitations of their material. Their beauty is sensuous, in that it, like music, evokes a purely emotional response: they have no human or intellectual implications. They are nearly all practically undecorated, depending for their effect on beauty of material, form, and color, and in the obtaining of this effect every byway of treatment is explored. Surface quality of glaze, every cunning variation of bubble, flow, and crackle in the firing, blends of metallic glazes and natural tint of paste; skilful handling of oxidation and reduction in the coloring, the most scientific heating and cooling of the kiln—these, in the hands of artists, give us little masterpieces of restraint and perfection.

The Han pottery has a very human interest, as well as artistic qualities of a high order. The dynasty extended from 206 B.C. to A.D. 25, with a later period bringing it to A.D. 221. Most of the specimens of the pottery of this time now known have been found in graves, and are either utensils made for actual use, and buried with their possessors, or are models of objects made expressly for the use of the spirit after death. Houses, farm-sheds, wells, cooking-ranges, and all sorts of domestic wares are found—bowls, dishes, jars, and vases. The most interesting thing about them, however, is their decoration, which shows scenes from daily contemporary life, boar and tiger hunts on horseback or on foot, with dog and spear. Modelled figures of dogs and horses are common, and it is interesting to trace the influence of the West on the productions of this period. During this dynasty and the next there was considerable intercourse between China, Turkey, Siberia, and other more Western countries, and the big Bactrian horse and the Bactrian camel appear in these models, among the smaller native Mongolian ponies. The Pekingese dog, too, came to China from Turkey somewhere about this time.

The study and collection of this early "pre-Ming" pottery of China is of comparatively recent date in Europe. Early examples are rare by reason of their age, and from the fact that the Chinese, with their reverence for, and worship of, their ancestors, treasure every object and tradition that has been handed down from them. It is only under extreme economic pressure that such things as these are ever parted with. Recent social upheavals, together with the spread—to a limited extent—of Western, less conservative ideas, have released a certain number of family heirlooms, and doubtless the growing demand for them by the European collector, with the natural subsequent increase in money value, will produce many more. The Oriental potter, however, is still a person of considerable ability, and the inexperienced collector should take warning, lest the supply should suddenly become more nearly commensurate with the demand.

In China the collection of pottery has gone on from the very earliest times. It is an art which suits the Chinese temperament; detached, philosophic, and, at the same time, sensitive to beauty. A fine piece of pottery can be admired in a hut; it is not unbecoming to the desk of the scholar, and it adorns the palace. Few other luxuries are so accommodating. It has been made the storehouse of those thousands of tales, fantastic, poetic, and legendary, with which Chinese history is enriched. That, for example, of the expedition of young men and maidens sent by the Emperor Shih Huang Ti in the third century B.C., "under the command of a professor of magic," to look for the fairy Islands of the Blest. Or the episodes from the life of that poet, Li Tai-po, who drowned himself reaching over the boat's side to embrace the moon's reflection. His is a truly sympathetic figure! Which of his clubs would one rather have belonged to—the Six Idlers of the Bamboo Grove, or the Eight Immortals of the Wine-Cup?

A HARVEST FROM AMERICA.

The Girls. By EDNA FERBER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Moon-Calf. By FLOYD DELL. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Winesburg, Ohio. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
Abbé Pierre. By JAY WILLIAM HUDSON. (Appleton. 7s. 6d.)
Messer Marco Polo. By DONN BYRNE. (Sampson Low. 6s.)
Gold Shod. By NEWTON FUESSLE. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)
Saint Teresa. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. (Constable. 8s. 6d.)

POSSIBLY they are not the right ones, they may not really be a representative lot, but I fancy they are: at any rate, these seven novels have come my way and I have read them. Also America will read them; has, in fact, in certain cases done so already. More than fifty thousand copies of Miss Ferber's clever story, "The Girls," have been sold in the United States; Mr. Anderson's "Winesburg" is famous there; and Mr. Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf" has had a considerable success. The others, I take it, are new, and of these "Abbé Pierre" and "Messer Marco Polo" need not detain us long. They are exotic in theme, one being the journal—meditative, mild, and perhaps just a little insipid—of an elderly priest living in a Gascon village; the other a romantic adventure of Marco Polo in China, a picturesque trifle, rendered even more fantastic by being put into the mouth of a Glens of Antrim man, who talks a dialect that were he back in Ulster would, in these troublous times, instantly lead to his arrest. "Abbé Pierre" and "Messer Marco Polo" are, in fact, *pastiches*, and that they were composed in America is of slight importance.

More significant, and much more original than these, is Mr. Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio," a set of tales, experimental, imperfect, uneven in quality, but really interesting, designed to throw a light on the private lives of certain dwellers in what must have been a most curious little town; and better still is Mr. Floyd Dell's "Moon-Calf." Of course, "Moon-Calf" keeps pretty closely to the English tradition, and Mr. Anderson's book does not; still, I do not think that is why I prefer the former. I prefer it because of all these novels it is the only one in which I have found any expression of beauty, any hint of poetry, any spiritual charm. I prefer Mr. Dell's way of looking at life; it is more sympathetic, more sensitive, less feverish, though possibly also less dramatic. But the dreamy childhood of Felix Fay is very delicately created, with a simplicity and truth which somehow strike deeper than the more lurid realism of Mr. Anderson, and infinitely deeper than that of Mr. Fuessle. And then, Mr. Dell has a tenderness for his subject which keeps him from writing for effect; he is expressing himself, not dramatizing the external, though his book is by no means subjective, perhaps not even autobiographical. One scene of vivid beauty there is, when Felix and Rose are in the wood, and he tells her a story, and then she dances for him. This scene stands out with an exquisite clearness; it is full of the wistful poetry and innocence of youth; it is the climax to which the childhood of Felix has been leading; in it all his hidden dreams and imaginings seem for a moment to burst into flower, and we feel something marvellous has happened. I wish Mr. Dell had been content to linger over this early life of Felix, making his whole

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book of it. Such a book might have been regarded in America as a sign of arrested development, but it would have had more unity of tone than "Moon-Calf" possesses now; it would have preserved for us the particular quality of emotion which the first part of the story arouses, and which the later parts dissipate. Out of that romantic, haunted world of childhood, with its adventure that is always a spiritual adventure, its wonder and discovery, I, at any rate, was dragged forcibly and unwillingly to watch Felix grow up. As soon as he begins to write poetry, all the poetry seems to disappear from his life. The world becomes a narrower, a dim and dusty, place; the serpent has prevailed, the fruit is tasted, the gate has clanged. There is something very monotonous about the intellectual development of all these clever adolescents; it has been done too often, or rather, too often under similar conditions. Felix remote from city life might have retained his freshness, but his Socialism, his Socialistic friends, are a nuisance. His character seems to harden and deteriorate as he becomes conscious of sex, his dreaming turns to egotism, his shyness to assurance; he becomes a clever young man who spouts at meetings and understands very well this place appointed for his second race. That is the worst of Mr. Dell's particular time-scheme; it induces a clashing of moods, and the transitions are too rapid; Felix is already a reporter on a newspaper when we leave him, and we feel we have escaped much when we find that his two or three experiments in love-making have not really gone very far.

But there will be more books about Felix. Let us hope he is not destined to become a philanderer. This may seem unduly suspicious, but young America, we are told, is writing the ultra-modern novel, the novel of revolt, and nowhere is the new convention—for it has, by this time, frozen into a convention—more conspicuous than in its treatment of the erotic, its exploitation of the transitory amour. It is as if, as a subject, this commonplace sex business possessed a perennial fascination. Huysmans wrote a novel in which the hero spent his days hunting all over Paris for a place where he could get a decent meal. The theme was considered objectionable, deliberately vile, and that, indeed, was probably Huysmans's own idea about it, the reason why he chose it; but the amours of Fielding Glinden in Mr. Fuessle's "Gold Shod," for instance, are not really much more edifying or significant than M. Folantin's search for an eatable beefsteak. There is a hardness about these modern love affairs, a selfishness, a brutality, which has the effect of remarkably diminishing their interest. Greed is an absorbing passion for the person who is greedy, but to look on at an exhibition of greed is an amusement that quickly palls.

Of the books now under notice only "Saint Teresa" is a love story in the old sense; yet here, too, though the hero remains constant, no breath of affection appears to be mingled with his passion. Teresa hates men; Masury dislikes Teresa; their unconscious love for each other is developed through a prolonged duel, a kind of Beatrice and Benedick affair, most cleverly managed, the inevitable climax being put off again and again. Yet when that climax does take place we have one of the ugliest scenes imaginable. For no adequate reason these lovers suddenly become savages. There is a fight—no battle of words, but a vulgar brawl, with fists and knives, and sticks and shovels, in which furniture is broken, and a puppy killed by their both falling upon it. And it is when she has hit him with the leg of a chair, raising a lump over his eye "as big as a hen's egg," when she has stabbed him in the arm and on the cheek, when their clothes are torn and they are bruised and bleeding, that Masury first kisses Teresa. The kiss is an outrage, and she bites him through the lip. "Clean through. Her teeth clicked and ground together. . . . Galvanized with a sudden spasmodic strength, she was drawing her head backward; now she began to tug with her neck, this way and that, as a puppy yanks at a string. In her madness she was tearing his lip away. . . . Very nice. . . . Marking for life the man who had . . ." And she holds on, even after he has nearly throttled her to death. There is more, much more, several pages more. Well, Cathy and Heathcliff were wild enough, passionate enough; far wilder, far more passionate than Teresa and her lover—but what a difference! This is the big scene in Mr. Harrison's novel, the scene so many readers

will find powerful, virile, thrilling. In reality it is common, melodramatic, repulsive. It is but fair to add that it is the only such scene in the story, which, apart from this blemish, is a good one of its class. And, indeed, none of these books lacks cleverness: they are all by writers who know their trade and who have succeeded, more or less, in doing what they wanted to do—Mr. Harrison in writing a dramatic "best-seller," Mr. Anderson in revealing the strange secrets of his provincials, Miss Ferber in showing us three generations of American women, Mr. Fuessle in creating a garish, strident, commercial world. Making a selection, I recommend "Moon-Calf," "Winesburg, Ohio," and "The Girls." These are the most illuminating, and certainly contain work that is fresh and obviously sincere. For myself, I think I shall read again the early stories of Miss Wilkins, or "The Kentons"; or perhaps "The House of Seven Gables," or "Huckleberry Finn."

FORREST REID.

Books in Brief.

My Memories of Eighty Years. By CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. (Scribners. 16s.)

EVER since he left Yale University, so far off as 1856, Mr. Chauncey Depew has been a political campaigner, an orator for ceremonial occasions, and, above all, an after-dinner speaker. His professional life was identified for more than half a century with the New York Central Railroad, over which, for many years, he presided. He served in the Senate at Washington; and yet, despite this and his national fame as a Republican politician, he made it an unvarying rule to refuse political office, and he holds himself to have got out of life immeasurably more satisfaction than if he had succumbed to the temptation. He has known nearly all Americans of consequence since the Civil War, and a great many prominent Europeans. That being so, the English reader will be disappointed to find so large a part of his book taken up with the trivialities of politics that can never, even when fresh, have been worth while. Mr. Depew's chief trait is a faculty of indiscriminate admiration. The world has been a "mighty good" place for him; so why condemn a politician, even when his roguery is manifest? He can pay tribute alike to Lincoln and the men who tried to destroy Lincoln; to Blaine and the men who, with excellent reason, revolted against Blaine; to Cleveland and to some whose shameful practices made the triumph of Cleveland inevitable. Of the national leaders of half-a-century, indeed, the only one who would seem to be outside the range of Mr. Depew's goodwill is the unhappy Mr. Wilson. As a man devoted throughout a very long life to the practice of oratory, Mr. Depew is most entertaining when describing the ways of the old-time American orators, about whom he makes some astonishing revelations. In nearly every case, he tells us, their displays were simply feats of memory. They knew every word. A senator of the heroic build could deliver a four-hours' speech without glancing at his manuscript and without deviating from it by a syllable. Moreover, we are assured, most of the old campaigners had only one speech, and some of them made it do for a lifetime. The amazing humbug of the old politics (old, but not yet dead) has never been more completely exposed, and the exposure is all the more damaging in that Mr. Depew makes it without a hint that anything serious was wrong. He relates, for example, how William Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, went to his home town, Auburn, N.Y., dictated an elaborate harangue to a reporter, corrected it with great care, and then sent it to the Press as the report of a speech delivered at a mass meeting! We learn how J. G. Blaine dictated his memoirs, and destroyed them in the conviction that tolerable writing is possible only at the point of the pen. Mr. Depew implies disagreement with this notion; but it is only too plain that his own reminiscences have been dictated. For a man with a memory that holds details easily he is sparing and confusing, sometimes inaccurate, in the use of dates. Thus, he is four years out in

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the matter of the McKinley-Roosevelt election. He slips into "Lord John Fisher" and even "Sir Lucy," and he makes a distinction between the fiftieth anniversary of Victoria and her jubilee.

Poets of the Wight. Compiled by CHARLES JOHN ARNELL. (Daniel. 25s.)

LOCAL patriotism does not often nowadays find such an energetic devotee as Mr. Arnell, who, aided by several hands of kindred enthusiasm, has put together an anthology of poets native to his island, and those associated with it, running to over 350 pages and adorned with almost thirty portraits. Sources both printed and manuscript have contributed the materials, which are generally accompanied by brief memoirs and occasionally by added critical appreciations. The volume is compiled under three heads—Ancient, Modern, and Contemporary. The ancients take us from Charles I. to the beginnings of the nineteenth century. The moderns include Keats, whose holidays in the Isle of Wight saw him not only "harnessed to our dog-cart again" with Brown—"Otho the Great"—but also writing "Isabella," "St. Agnes' Eve," and "Lamia." Tennyson and Swinburne also qualify. P. S. Worsley, the mellifluous metrist who tried "to make Homer speak like Spenser," is there; Edmund Peel, friend and correspondent of Leigh Hunt (and apparently he knew Keats, though he does not seem to have recorded any reminiscence), is there also. Dr. Dabbs, who attended Tennyson at the time of his death, finds a place—a graceful linguist: and we encounter a strange plenty of famous hymns. One omission there is. The grave of Keats's friend Reynolds is referred to, but not his residence in the island from 1838 to his death in 1853. That fact would have justified his inclusion, and, indeed, the collaborator of Hood and best poet of pugilism would have held his own and more among the chosen, except the illustrious names already mentioned.

India and the English. By BARBARA WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THE merit of Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford's little book is its earnest and cordial sympathy with the Indian people, and its downright assault on the arrogance, indifference, and insensitiveness of the European birds-of-passage. "There never was," she says, "a more philistine community on this earth than Anglo-India." This is a faithful saying. But why should Lord Morley's celebrated observation, that India is the only country where bad manners are a crime, be cited with full agreement? Surely the obvious truth is that international bad manners are everywhere a crime. The twenty-five short chapters have evidently been put together without any very definite plan. Rather they seem to represent the notes of an intelligent Englishwoman as she passed, in wartime, from one historic region, or one kind of station, to another; and they contain the story of one ridiculous incident of panic and military absurdity in "The Great Battle of Muddulbad." Some of Mrs. Wingfield-Stratford's specific judgments strike us as far-fetched or altogether wild. Thus, most surprisingly, she finds an affinity between the Taj Mahal and the Flowery Meadows music of "Parsifal"; and, again, she declares the Taj to be "the supreme symbol of the spiritual unity of India." There can hardly be any spiritual contradiction in the world more terrific than that between Agra and Benares, or Agra and Madura. Indeed, between the Taj Mahal and St. Paul's the spiritual distance is, comparatively speaking, trivial. Mr. Srinivasa Sastri, who contributes an introduction, should have added to his friendly services by reading the proofs, for the correcting of those slips which no English writer can avoid.

From the Publishers' Table.

WE mentioned lately a volume of new letters by Herman Melville which the Brick Row Bookshop of New York has in preparation. Another addition to the Melville biography is now announced, by the Princeton University Press in America and by Mr. Milford here. It comprises two volumes:

the first, one of short articles and fugitive prose, in many cases rediscovered from the public prints of the Civil War period and afterwards.

THE second volume is to contain the majority of Melville's verse, with particular emphasis on his poems of the sea. The compiler and editor, who is writing the necessary introductions, is Mr. Henry Chapin, a young American poet of unusual promise.

THE Macmillan Company of New York have published a volume on "The Poetic Mind," by Mr. F. O. Prescott, already known to the elect for a clear contribution to the study of the problem "where poetry comes from," which by all tokens is exercising the minds of several writers here.

IN the autumn the Cambridge University Press will issue a "handbook" of 800 pages on the larger British fungi. (The subject might have a special interest for a cottager whom we lately heard of, and whose house wall had been thrust out of position by persistent toadstools.) The title of this mycological treatise is "British Basidiomycetæ," and the author Mr. Carleton Rea.

ANOTHER great volume in preparation by the same Press is "Modern France," edited by Mr. A. Tilley, a companion volume to "Medieval France."

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & DODD have arranged to publish English translations by Mr. Ezra Pound of M. Paul Morand's "Ouvert la Nuit" (reviewed in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM by Mr. Murry, on April 29th) and "Tendres Stocks." The first of these novels was "purchased with avidity" in France—20,000 copies sold in the first fortnight of its publication.

OF a French novel still more eagerly received, "Maria Chapdelaine," the first edition is priced at 500 francs in the June catalogue of A. Goué, bookseller at Nîmes.

THE Homeland Association, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, has completed its 25th year. Its labors during the period have produced 150 volumes profitable (and many of them delightful) to those who do know Great Britain, and to those who do not. An addition to the series is about to be made in Mr. W. G. Clarke's compendium, "Our Homeland Prehistoric Antiquities."

"THE Real South America," beaten tracks and unbeaten, is the subject of a new work by Mr. Charles Domville-Fife, announced by Messrs. Routledge.

AN enjoyable sheaf of "Wayside Sayings," or proverbs not well known from many countries, collected by S. G. Champion and E. Mavrogordato, has been published (5s.) by Messrs. Duckworth. The compilers in their preface seek suggestions and additional proverbs that may occur to their readers.

A PAMPHLET, "The Sentence of Pontius Pilate," has been published by Messrs. Grafton of Coptic House. The author, Mr. James Lyell, calls attention to his discovery, in a Spanish book of the sixteenth century, of what purports to be the actual judgment pronounced by Pilate against Christ. It is a favorite if old-fashioned type of literary forgery, as Mr. Lyell proves; and after a translation of the so-called sentence, he prints fifteen points which led Professor R. W. Huband to agree with him in his verdict.

THE City Librarian of Hull, Mr. W. H. Bagguley, has put together with admirable simplicity a volume of "Tercentenary Tributes" to Andrew Marvell (Milford. 6s.). The editor supplies a fluent record of the celebrations at Hull; then follow addresses on the occasion by the Bishop of Durham and Mr. Birrell; six essays on Marvell by distinguished hands are collected from the journals; and Professor Margoliouth, who is preparing a new edition of Marvell's works, communicates an unpublished letter. Among the illustrations to this pleasing book, reproductions from four portraits of the poet stand out.

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BOVRIL SHARE ISSUE.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION AND CONFIDENCE.

Presiding at the eighteenth annual general meeting of Estates Control, Limited, Sir George Lawson Johnston (Chairman) referred to the marked success of the recent issue by the company of Bovril Ordinary Shares, and said that last week they offered to the public 190,000 $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. Ordinary Shares of £1 each in Bovril, Limited, at 2s. premium. This was the full market price for the shares at the time they offered them, but they were inclined to believe that Bovril stood so high in public estimation, owing to the unique reputation and standing of its product and national appreciation of its anti-profiteering record, that the public would be likely to think even more highly of the shares than the market did. They had a single-column advertisement in a number of papers, and it had been a feature of the applications that nearly two-thirds of them came in on newspaper form. They had to close the lists promptly, owing to over-subscription. Their intention was to reduce large applications by at least 90 per cent. on any excess over 1,000 shares, and to eliminate all applications under 25 shares. This would enable them to be more liberal with the applicants between 25 and 1,000 shares. They would probably appreciate that the reason for not accepting the smaller applications was that the postage and cheque stamps cost 7d. a year on two dividends.

Bovril circles might, he thought, be excused for feeling some gratification at the result, and at the fact that the lists of this issue were closed a day earlier than an issue made at the same time with a British Government guarantee attached to it.

Sir George commented on the danger to industrial development of the enormous increase in local rates, which to-day in England and Wales reached an average annual charge of £4 11s. 8d. per head of the population. He hoped when the quinquennial valuations were made, Local Authorities would not be so short-sighted as to press for an unfair assessment of energetic, and, therefore, prosperous firms, which brought fresh employment into working-class areas.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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ATHENÆUMS.—Complete set, 1904-12 inclusive; clean and good condition. What offer?—Box N.A. 34, THE NATION and THE ATHENÆUM, 12, Cursitor-street, E.C. 4.

AN English translation of Baudouin's "Études de Psychanalyse"—reviewed in these pages on May 27th—has been made by Eden and Cedar Paul, and is announced by Messrs. Allen & Unwin.

It is hoped to publish a retrospect, with findings hitherto unnoticed, concerning that scene of battles long ago, "Damnonia and the Valley of the Parret." The proposals for this work are issued by the Wessex Press, Taunton.

Music.

A FESTIVAL IN THE SOUTH OF SPAIN.

HEINE and Théophile Gautier met one day in Paris at a concert given by Liszt. On Gautier remarking that he was on the point of starting for Spain, Heine replied: "But how will you manage to say anything about Spain when you have actually been there?"

Modern means of communication have not cleared up our misunderstandings as much as might have been hoped. Humorists like Gautier, scholarly travellers like Ford and Borrow, gave their readers a picture of Spanish life far more accurate and engaging than the Spain of tambourines and castanettes invented by wild romantics, and kept alive in the scribbles of superficial modern observers. It is possible, indeed, to pay a flying visit to Spain and to pick up a few ideas from other people, even with no acquaintance with the language and a knowledge of music and other things which goes back no further than 1910. But such an equipment will not carry one very far; for the difficulty about Spain has always been the amount of real hard work which had to be done before one could begin to understand it. The appreciation of Spain needs a real sense of scholarship; but in this respect England has a tradition second to none. Ford's "Handbook for Travellers in Spain and Readers at Home" (the earlier editions, published before the introduction of railways), Borrow's "Bible," Street's "Gothic Architecture," make almost any other book on the subject seem superficial by comparison. These men encountered difficulties of travel which would deter many people nowadays; but it was precisely those difficulties which made their knowledge so complete. Nor must French scholarship be forgotten. Prosper Mérimée, whose story of "Carmen" was so grotesquely mishandled by the opera-librettist, was an excellent Spanish scholar; and the tradition is ably maintained by two members of his family, and by such men as MM. Morel-Fatio, Foulché-Delbos, Martineche and Henri Collet; while musical studies suffered an irreparable loss by the death of Pierre Aubry, a learned musician of the first rank.

The festival and competition of *Cante jondo*, held lately at Granada, needs some explanation; and to be in a position to explain it requires the personal friendship of people who know about it, as well as some knowledge of the history of music in Spain. *Cante jondo* is the primitive song of the province of Andalucía. *Jondo* is a provincialism for *hondo*, deep or profound; it is the song of the tragic sense of life—tragic because, by the beginning of the last century, it had come down to being the music made in prisons and *prostibulos*. Descriptions of Spanish life and manners in the 'thirties contain many references to it; and the unpublished letters of Prosper Mérimée are probably full of valuable information. Towards the end of the century *cante jondo*, besides having come down in the world, began to undergo a musical change. It had been taken up by gypsies; and about the time of the first production of "Carmen" as an opera, the conditions under which it was usually sung began to be studied and imitated. It was then called *flamenco*, a word which means literally "Flemish" but which is used for "gypsy," much as the word "Bohémien" is in France, or, in fact, as "Egyptian" or "Gypsy" was in England. *Flamenco*, then, is the affectation of gypsy manners,

a sort of romantic Bohemianism applied to the conditions of Southern Spain; *cante flamenco* is the modernized, "gypsified" form of the primitive *cante jondo*, still being composed and sung all over Southern Spain.

D. Manuel de Falla, whose compositions are by this time well known in England, has always been a profound student of Southern Spanish music. His knowledge and his sense of musical scholarship led him to the conclusion that the *flamenco* versions of Andalusian song were not in accordance with the pure style; and the object of the competition was to give examples of what the pure style is, and to prevent it from being forgotten. Falla finds that the distinguishing features of primitive Southern Spanish song are as follows: There is a deliberate use of intervals unknown to modern Western music, though their use depends on principles already familiar to serious students of Western musical history; the tune is generally confined to the compass of a sixth; the same note is sometimes repeated to the point of obsession; there are rich and complicated ornamental flourishes, which are, however, only employed at certain moments to underline the emotion of the words; and there are the cries of "Olé, olé!" thrown in by the audience to express their approval and encourage the performers. To these might be added the avoidance of big jumps in the melody, and the almost invariable suggestion, both in the voice part and the guitar-accompaniment, of one of the Church modes—the fourth. Andalusian song, indeed, might be regarded as built in many cases upon a "ground bass" consisting of the notes E, D, C, B.

The competition was held at night, in the Plaza de los Aljibes in front of the Alhambra; and the staging had been entrusted to D. Ignacio de Zuloaga, the celebrated painter, who offered the first prize for the singing. The stage itself had been erected under the trees which line the rusty red walls of the Alcazaba and the Tower of Homage. Behind the little, tiled well-house was a low wall on the edge of a precipice, with the stream of the Darro clattering over the stones at the bottom; while, on the hill opposite, the dark gardens and greenish white walls of the dimly lighted Albaicín seemed as if they were part of a gigantic tapestry curtain which might have been hung from two tall trees which stood at the corners. At the back of the audience was the noble but unfinished palace of Charles V., while the Alhambra lay hid in the darkness behind. But the most enchanting part of the spectacle was that presented by the ladies of the audience, who had put on their traditional clothes in the traditional way. Wherever one looked there were exquisite figures in gay, flowered shawls and high combs; while many had put on the silks and satins of bygone days, and appeared in the fashions of the 'thirties and 'forties—the Spain of Prosper Mérimée and Théophile Gautier, of Borrow and Ford.

The programme, on both nights, consisted in the performances of those competitors who had got through the earlier trials, varied by dances of gypsies and solos on the guitar by one of its greatest exponents. There were comical moments, too, which the irrepressible sense of humor of the audience did not allow to pass unnoticed. One of the most striking and beautiful tunes was set to the words: "My hope died; I was at the funeral, and they buried her in the dismal pantheon of disillusion"; but the singer made so much of the word "funeral" that the thing became grotesque, and there were ripples of laughter.

The singing suggested once again that primitive Andalusian song is a secular counterpart to plain-song; at any rate the melodies of *cante jondo* are made of much the same material as some of the Gregorian melodies of the Church; while the wailing *Ay!* or *Leli, leli!* with which many of them began, had a definitely Oriental suggestion. A cold analysis can give little idea of the musical effect, the passionate exaltation of the singing, the profound tragedy of the words, and the sheer beauty of style of the whole performance. The songs were not curious and interesting survivals from an Oriental past, but living pieces of music charged with every emotion which tradition, memory, surroundings and pure musical beauty could give them.

J. B. T.

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